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RUSSIA IN POLAND: CONVOY OF FORAGE ON THE VISTULA.
FROM A SKETCH BY M. FAROWSKI.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Our actors are being interrogated as to how near to the heel of reality comes the toe of their imitation; and especially whether their feigned tears are "real water," such as the advertisements of Sadler's Wells used to boast of. Even the boldest of them dare not say what Baron, the great French player, used to aver: that he could change colour at pleasure. After his return to the stage, at nearly seventy years of age, he acted *Cinna*, and it is recorded of him, by credible witnesses, that at the line—

Leur fronts pâlir d'horreur et rougir de colère

he turned pale and red, as conformity with the verse required. He affirmed, and doubtless with truth, that "the force and play of declamation" with him was such, that "tender and plaintive sounds might be transferred to gay, and even comic, words, and still be productive of tears." The story is well known how Garrick, in Paris, complimented Previle upon his acting the part of a drunken man, except that he didn't *make his legs drunk*—a nicety of detail which he at once proceeded to exhibit to the French actor's generous admiration.

It is not generally understood that almost all the modern appliances for the safety of a theatrical audience were known, if not put in practice, nearly a hundred years ago. In an epilogue, written by George Colman the younger, to "The Virgin Unmasked," Miss Farren (afterwards Countess of Derby) was made to speak as follows at the opening of Drury-Lane, in April, 1794:—

The very ravages of fire we scout,
For we have wherewithal to put it out;
In ample reservoirs our firm reliance,
Whose streams set configurations at defiance.
Paula alone avoid; let none begin it:
Should the flames spread, sit still: there's nothing in it.
We'll undertake to drown you in a minute.
Behold, obedient to the prompter's bell,
Our tide shall flow, and real waters swell.
No river of meandering paste-board made;
No gentle tinkling of a tin cascade;
No brook of broadcloth shall be set in motion;
No ships be wrecked upon a wooden ocean.
But the pure element its course shall hold,
Rush on the scene, and o'er the stage be rolled.
Consume the scenes, your safety still is certain:
Presto! for proof let down the iron curtain!

Among the many subjects about which eminent personages are now induced by enterprising editors to give their opinions, the most popular, as might be expected, is the "secret of success in life." There is not much doubt, I fear, in the mind of most of them, as to what success consists in; though they drape it more decorously than the ordinary apostles of Self-help, the most brilliant examples of whose teaching come to London on foot with half-a-crown in their pocket, and are eventually taken by four horses to a mausoleum of marble, on which, by some strange forgetfulness, their chief merit—the sum they died worth—is omitted from the long record of their virtues. There is at least some honesty in these receipts for prosperity, and more good sense than is generally supposed; for, while great wealth is a snare, the acquisition of a competence is very desirable, even from the moral point of view. That sworn enemy of cant and humbug, Sydney Smith, averred he was a better man for every guinea that was added to his income; and though the philosophers recommend to other people "the root and the spring," I notice that, with a noble unselfishness, they are apt to put up with diet far less wholesome—but nicer. Success in life is not prosperity, but still less is it the absence of it. The Preacher, of course, is right when he tells us it does not consist in wealth or honours, but in "a soul filled with good"; but this is as seldom found in the workhouse as in the palace. Success, we may take it for granted, includes, at all events, the ordinary comforts of life. The son of Jakeh (otherwise unknown) has pronounced with great authority upon this matter, in favour of the *via media*. There is a row of houses in a Hampshire town called "Agur's Buildings." When the good man who had run them up was asked why he had given them so strange a name, he answered: "Well, it was this way. Agur's prayer, you know, was neither for riches nor poverty; and these houses are meant for a middling class of people."

In teaching us "How to attain success in life," it would be interesting if those who have accomplished that object would tell us frankly whether the game is worth the candle. That "nothing succeeds like success" we all know; but that is only the view of the outsider. There are a good many drawbacks to winning the game of life. The losers are very numerous, and a good many of them do not know how "to pay and look pleasant," but become the enemies of the victor; even the lookers-on resent what they call his luck. There is not a man who has achieved a great success in any walk of life who is not a target for the calumny of knaves and the gossip of fools. We have it "on the best authority" that he has broken the heart of his mother, robbed his sisters, starved his wife, and fully deserves to be suffering from that disease, hitherto unknown to the human frame, for which, "as everybody knows," the Faculty are in vain attending him. For him, too, there is no peace, even in the grave; for are there not the biographers?—

Who make it seem more sweet to be
The little life of bank and brier.
The bird that pipes his lone desire,
And dies, unheard, within his tree,

Than he that warbles long and loud,
And drops at Glory's temple-gates,
For whom the carrion vulture waits
To tear his heart before the crowd.

An artificial flower, I read, has been patented, which in its stalk contains a powder emitting precisely the same perfume that its blossom possesses in nature. This is certainly an advance in luxury; for though we can purchase many agreeable scents, they have seldom much likeness to those they are supposed to resemble. It will scarcely be contended, for example, that violet powder smells of violets, as emery powder smells of emery. It is strange that only the scent of flowers should be imitated, when there are so many other objects that give pleasant and powerful odours. How nice it would be to

have the scent of *russia leather*, for instance, presented to us at will, or that delicious and refreshing odour we call "the smell of the sea"! I feel sure, indeed, with regard to the latter, that science is still in its infancy, and that some day we shall have atmospheres of all kinds, if not on draught, in bottle. How nice it would be to uncork a quart of concentrated Brighton or Scarborough air, and fill our London breakfast-room with it, instead of having to take a hateful railway journey to drink it, as it were, "on the premises." When this comes to pass, people will remember the intelligence which predicted it, and exclaim, "Let us give him a statue!" But I should prefer something less costly—a bust, or half the price of a bust, presented to me immediately.

The widow of the once popular and famous Jumbo has perished, though by no means voluntarily, upon the funeral pyre, in Barnum's Show. She has "cut up" exceptionally well, as regards property. At the post-mortem there were discovered no less than three hundred pennies in her inside, beside half a pocket-knife, several cane ferrules, and some pebbles—the gifts, it is supposed, of youthful admirers. She had disclosed to no one the fact of her possessing these valuables, preferring, no doubt, to be loved for her own sake. With man, it is different; he is seldom reticent about a foreign body—if it is but a penny—that he happens to swallow, while his friends make ever so much fuss about it. I once knew an old gentleman from whom his nephew entertained unreasonable expectations; for some ailment the former used to have gold administered to him, which science tells us, once deposited in the human frame remains there for ever. After his demise the youth expressed, in his bitterness at his relative's loss—and will—his intention of forming a limited company "to work him"; and though nothing came of it—at least I never saw any quotations in the share list—the idea struck me as original.

Some of my countrymen have been shocked to read how the sympathies of the whole Spanish nation are being wasted upon the popular bull-fighter, Frasculo, who has been tossed in the ring (and serve him right!). But the late revival of prize-fighting among ourselves does not indicate a much more wholesome public opinion. The attraction of novelty may be some excuse for it, but to those who remember what the old prize-ring was, it seems an evil sign. Its so-called patrons were the scum of the aristocracy, and its habitual frequenters the dregs of the people. They were actuated by the motive, some foolish folk attributed to them, of encouraging British pluck, hardihood, and the physical virtues, about as much—I do not say as the owner of race-horses, though Admiral Rous has left it on record that no owner he ever knew had any other object than that of making money—but as the Welsher is by that of "keeping up the breed of horses." Their sole object was to win their bets, and the pleasure of seeing their fellow-creatures rendered unrecognisable by lumps and bumps quite a secondary matter. It was but rarely that the best man won; but it is not to be denied that, where the fight was not sold beforehand, much "gameness" was exhibited.

There is an oft-quoted story connected with Broughton, the prize-fighter, and the Duke of Cumberland, his backer. The gladiator was on one occasion, from obvious reasons (though he himself could not see them), unable to come up to time. "You are beat, Sir," cried his patron, irascibly. "No, not beat, your Royal Highness; but only blind. Let me be put within fighting distance." I hope we are not going to see the "good old times," of which this anecdote is so significant an illustration, revived again.

A generation or two ago—for people live so long now that it is scarcely worth while to particularise such matters—one of the most popular songs in England was "The Old Arm-Chair." "Who shall dare," inquired the poetess, "to chide me for loving that old arm-chair?" and I am not aware that anyone took up the challenge. For myself, I have never fallen in love with any article of furniture; but the throne-chair of Queen Hatatu (late, or, at least, formerly, of Egypt), just presented to the British Museum, seems to have considerable claims to veneration. It is, beyond doubt, the oldest chair in the world; the date of her Majesty's dynasty being 1600 B.C. I wonder whether it was ever mended! Did its legs never "give"? Did no one ever sit the bottom out, like little Silver-hair in the fairy story? I see arm-chairs in the Tottenham-court-road outside the shops ticketed "everlasting"; but "who shall dare" warrant any one of them to last for 3487 years?

The majority of letters written to newspaper editors are not, I suppose, worth much more than is paid for them; but now and then they not only contain original ideas but confer a public benefit. This, it seems to me, has been done by "The Schoolmaster," who has been recently addressing an evening contemporary. He cannot bring himself to believe that there can be anything amiss in the present system of educating our boys, but tacitly admits that it does not render them good for much for practical life, and especially for "business" life. To remedy this he proposes that a college should be instituted for the training of those over sixteen who are intended for commerce. This should be that Fairy Palace of Forgetfulness, in the grounds of which were the (ornamental) Waters of Oblivion; for there will be many things the young gentlemen will have to forget as soon as possible, and also a few to unlearn. In the establishments where that costly article, "the Tone," is inculcated, the vulgar virtues of accuracy and punctuality are apt to be looked down upon, while even Work itself is too often regarded—as officers of the last generation were wont to regard the wearing of the Queen's uniform—as a thing not to be done oftener than they could help it. Even so small a thing as the acquisition of a good handwriting will not be easy to those whose caligraphy has been destroyed by the senseless punishment of writing out a thousand lines of Greek or Latin, even with the ingenious assistance of a fourfold pen. The "Schoolmaster's" idea is, however, an

excellent one, and is capable of great extension. Why should not young men, for example, who are about to inherit "great possessions," or to preside over gigantic "concerns," acquire the peculiar knowledge that would fit them for the performance of such duties, and thereby promote the happiness of thousands, and help to cement that goodwill between the "classes" and the "masses" that is as often lost through the ignorance of the former as of the latter?

THE RECESS.

Mr. Gladstone, on the eve of his departure for a holiday in Italy, gave abundant proof that his seventy-eight winters have not dimmed his brilliant faculties, or impaired his wonderful vigour. The ex-Premier was evidently in good health and capital voice when he briefly responded, in the best of spirits, to the cordial tributes paid him en route to London from Chester on the Twenty-sixth of December. Snow did not cool the right hon. gentleman's ardour the next day, when he journeyed with his host, Lord Northbourne, from Bettshanger Park, Sandwich, to Dover, and in the Townhall of that port spoke for close upon an hour and a half with remarkable energy and effect. Replying with unusual terseness and point to the Marquis of Salisbury's important Derby speech, Mr. Gladstone hoped to be able to continue his approval of the Prime Minister's foreign policy, but was outspoken in his condemnation of the revival of Protection under the name of Fair Trade, and was as emphatic as ever in his antagonism to "Coercion" in Ireland and in his recommendation of Home Rule as the panacea for Irish disaffection.

Lord Salisbury having taken his Continental holiday in the autumn while the Marquis of Hartington safeguarded the Union at home, the Leader of the Liberal Unionists is entitled to the visit to Italy which he is said to contemplate. What may not a possible meeting between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington under brighter skies bring about?

Travel is the order of the day. Whilst Mr. Chamberlain, resting from his labour at the Fisheries Commission, has been tasting the sweets of hospitality in Canada, his friend, Lord Randolph Churchill, has been welcomed by the Emperor of Russia to Gatchina. Such friendly meetings cannot fail to bring about a better understanding between our statesmen and the Czar—a result greatly to be desired when ominous rumours of war come from Vienna as the Old Year is departing.

BADGE AND CHAIN FOR MAYOR OF NEWARK-ON-TRENT.

A very handsome chain and badge have been presented to the Corporation by Mr. Becher-Tidd Pratt, in commemoration of the fifth year of his mayoralty of the ancient borough of Newark-on-Trent. This ornament was manufactured by Messrs. T. J. Paris and Co., Lord-street, Liverpool. The chain and badge are throughout of 18-carat gold, and of excellent workmanship, the chain consisting of a series of large oval links, relieved by small beads at the top and bottom of each link; whilst the badge, in the form of a shield, bears the arms of the borough, with the proper colours in gold and enamel, which in heraldic language are described:—Barry wavy of six, argent and azure, in chief gules, a peacock proper, between a fleur-de-lis and a lion, passant regardant or. The crest is a gull, bearing in its bill an eel, and the supporters an otter and a beaver. On the back of the chain is a suitable inscription.

The Goldsmiths' Company has given £500 to the fund which is being raised for the enlargement of Hampstead Heath; and the Vestry of St. Marylebone have decided to contribute £5000 towards the scheme.

The treasurer of the Liverpool Workshops' Fund for Out-door Blind has received from the executors of the late Mrs. C. W. Newman, of Allerton, a legacy of £2000. The treasurer of the Liverpool Church of England Scripture Readers' Society has also received a legacy of £1000.

The munificent gift of Mr. George Childs, of Philadelphia, presented to the town of Stratford-on-Avon, was specially designed by Mr. J. A. Cossins, architect, of Birmingham. The clock is by Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate-hill, London, having all the recent improvements.

At his amphitheatre in Westminster Bridge-road Mr. George Sanger has expended a great deal of thought, labour, and money upon his fifteenth annual Christmas pantomime, which is founded on the story of "Blue Beard," and was presented on Boxing Day to well-filled and appreciative houses.

In connection with the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen, it is proposed to build and equip a new mission-vessel which shall serve the purpose of a floating-hospital. The Queen has signified her deep interest in the scheme, and expressed a wish that the vessel should bear the name of Queen Victoria. Her Majesty has further consented to become the patron of the mission, and has contributed £50 to the funds.

M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, and the Rev. Dr. Charles Taylor, Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University, will preside respectively at each of the two meetings at the Seventh Annual Congress of the Society of French Professors in England. The first meeting will take place on Monday afternoon, Jan. 9, in the Lecture Theatre of the Society of Arts, London; and the second is to be held at 3 p.m. on the following day, at the Lecture Theatre of the Archaeological Museum, Cambridge.

The Lord Mayor of London appeals for subscriptions towards a fund for providing work for the unemployed in converting various districts of the metropolis into gardens and pleasure-grounds for the use of the inhabitants. Every man so employed must have lived in London six months, and must produce satisfactory evidence of character. His Lordship and the committee with whom he has been in consultation propose at an early date to consider and elaborate a scheme of a more enduring nature.—In reference to this appeal, Messrs. Rothschild have given 300 guineas, and Messrs. Baring £210. Other contributions have reached the Mansion House.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The discovery of gold in Wales is an interesting event, but probably not one of any real consequence. The owner of the land where the "find" has been made, one Mr. Morgan, has done his best to elevate it into a matter of public concern by solemnly vowing to consecrate the entire proceeds of the mine to the public, after making sufficient provision for his family. It thus becomes of much importance to know how numerous Mr. Morgan's family may be, and what are his views as to due provision for each individual member. The next factor in the problem is how much gold will be extracted, and at what expense, from Mr. Morgan's ground; and then it is a simple sum in proportion to decide at what date the National Debt will be extinguished, the Income Tax abolished, and education made entirely free in the true sense—not paid for the benefit of the people who have children out of the taxation of the people who are "without encumbrance," which is what is proposed now by the advocates of so-called "free" education.

There is not a shadow of doubt that there is mineral wealth still in the soil of the British islands. There are silver mines in Cumberland, the existence in which of the precious metal has been demonstrated within the last half-century. There is no reason to doubt that Mr. Morgan has gold in his land—all that is open to the sceptic is to remain unconvinced that there will be even enough left, after the expenses of getting it are deducted, to take the first step of providing adequately for the proprietor's own family. The Anglo-Israelites (who maintain that the English are the lost Ten Tribes) are, I believe, prepared to prove (by reference to Prophecy) that our soil must needs be extremely rich in mineral wealth—I mean minerals of a more engaging nature to the eye than coal, which has verily been as valuable as gold could have been as a factor in British prosperity. Sir Francis Hastings Doyle tells, in his "Recollections," of a curious pebble found by a child on the banks of Lough Earn, which was purchased for a trifle, as an act of generosity, by a lady connected with Sir F. Doyle's family. The purchaser reaped a reward for her kindness by the discovery being made that the supposed pebble was neither more nor less than a diamond. It was cut and polished, and set in a ring. But the little girl who brought it could never be discovered, nor could anybody else than she ever find diamonds on the banks of Lough Earn; so there are shrewd suspicions that she was a fairy godmother in disguise, and that the landlords will not—even though the miracles of Home Rule come to pass—be paid off out of the proceeds of the diamond mines of Ireland. Cæsar, it seems, was led to invade Britain, not so much by a taste for native oysters as edibles (though, as such, they had a great reputation in Rome) as by traditions that pearls abounded on these shores; however, to his great disappointment, the pearls, which in very fact he found, but for which he had spent thousands of lives and heaps of money, were only "livid and thick," and, in short, not worth the cost of fishing for—which it is to be feared may be the case with the gold nuggets of Wales.

Pearls, by-the-way, were specially valued in Rome. Like Venus, they came from the depths of the sea, and hence were accounted to be that goddess's special gem. They were believed to have the property of rendering beauty irresistible; and Aristotle mentions, also, that they had a peculiar power of soothing the brain. How precious they were held to be in the sixteenth century may be judged by the number of them worn by Queen Elizabeth. The mighty Tudor is in her own person an eternal refutation of the libel referred to by Lord Granville at Holloway College last week—that learned women do not care about their good-looks and their costume. Elizabeth was deeply learned, and immersed in cares of State, yet her passion for dress was such that she left two thousand gowns and seventy false heads of hair in her wardrobe when she finally gave up dressing, with other mundane matters. You may be very sure that whatever she wore was "in the fashion"; and in every one of her portraits she is seen much bedecked with pearls. One of the meanest incidents in that mean chapter of her history which concerns her relationship to her beautiful cousin of Scotland, is Elizabeth's buying, at three thousand pounds, far under the value, a beautiful necklace of great pearls, which belonged to Mary Queen of Scots. The parure was stolen by the Scotch rebel Lords, and sent to England on purpose to gratify Elizabeth with a bargain, and to give her a personal interest in retaining the rightful owner of the "ropes of pearls" in prison.

Commander Bethell's romantic marriage with a Zulu girl, according to the customs of her tribe, and the attempt of his English heirs-at-law to deprive the posthumous child of the marriage of the dead father's estate, on the ground that the marriage was not legal under English law, brings forward in an accentuated form the troubles that arise from the varying marriage laws of the world. Talk about the desirability of having a universal currency, or an international copyright—what are they beside the need for an agreement amongst nations to uphold everywhere the sanctities and legal securities of a marriage duly contracted according to the laws of any place? No matter whether the ceremonies of a legal marriage consist of sending a cow's head to the mother and ploughing a field for the father of the bride, which constituted the wedding formalities where Commander Bethell took his wife—or whether there be the elaborate notifications of parental authorisation required in France—or whether it be the exceedingly simple regulations of an English marriage—whatever be the requirements of local law, surely if the forms of the place be followed, and the union be contracted in good faith as solemnly made before God and man by even one of the two persons concerned, that marriage ought to be held binding all over the earth. Whatever rights or privileges are given to husband or wife by the laws of any country should be secured to married persons resident or interested in that country, no matter where their marriage contract was duly made.

So far is this from being the case, that even if a Frenchman marry an English girl in England, every regulation of our law being duly complied with, the wife is no wife, and her children are not legitimate in the eye of the French law unless the special requirements of the French Code have also been attended to by the bridegroom. The cases of cruel wrong which have arisen under this state of affairs have been sufficiently numerous to lead to the British Government supplying registry-offices in England, and Consuls abroad, with a printed slip giving in brief an account of the formalities necessary to make a marriage legal in France; and this the officials are required to place in the hands of any English girl marrying a Frenchman. But this is hardly sufficient. A marriage is a marriage, and should not be sundered except for due cause. An interesting illustration of how fully civilised men realise the importance of having this relation sanctioned and upheld by law is found in the record of the laws made by the "Territorial Council" of a "No Man's Land," near Kansas, which is just seeking to be added to the United States. Their delegate to Congress says: "The first Act that was passed was an Act to regulate the rights of matrimony, authorising ordained ministers to marry . . . and to send the certificate for registration. The next was for legalising loans and mortgages, so that we could obtain capital." F. F. M.

MUSIC.

There is just now the comparative lull in musical activity which always prevails at this season, when pantomime and other attractions reign paramount. The solemn aspect of the period was celebrated by the Sacred Harmonic Society's performance of "The Messiah," at St. James's Hall, on Thursday evening, Dec. 22, when the solo vocalists were Mdlle. and Madame Trebelli, Mr. H. Guy, and Mr. Burdon.

The sixth of Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall, and a concert by the students of the Royal College of Music at Alexandra House, Kensington, both took place on Dec. 21. On the first-named occasion, the orchestral symphony composed by Richard Wagner in his youth was repeated. The work was produced, for the first time in this country, at Mr. Henschel's concert of Nov. 29, and was noticed by us in reference to that occasion. As already implied, the symphony is interesting rather as a promising production of juvenile ambition than as a matured composition. The other features of the sixth concert call but for slight remark, not having offered any point of novelty. Weber's overture to "Der Freischütz" and Brahms's "Academic Festival Overture" effectively played by the fine band conducted by Mr. Henschel; and Liszt's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat and Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, artistically rendered by Herr Stavenhagen, completed the programme. The concert of the Royal College of Music was of more importance than is usual in performances of educational establishments. A complete orchestra and chorus co-operated in a really effective rendering of the first part of Schumann's imaginative cantata "Paradise and the Peri"; specialties in the programme having also been Brahms's "Academic Overture" and Berlioz's symphony "Harold in Italy"; besides other items. The performances were ably conducted by Professor Stanford.

The London Wind Instrument Union gave the last concert of the first series on Friday evening, Dec. 23, at the Continental Gallery, New Bond-street—the latest announcement for 1887 having been one of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall, on the afternoon of the last day of the year.

Musical activity will soon be partially resumed—the expiration of the old year being speedily followed by an important public performance—that of Handel's "Messiah," by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, announced for the evening of Jan. 2. The London Symphony Concerts, directed by Mr. Henschel, at St. James's Hall, will be resumed on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 4; and on the following Saturday afternoon the Popular Concerts in the same locality will recommence, the evening performances being continued on Jan. 9. Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad concerts (also at St. James's Hall) will continue their twenty-second season on Jan. 18; the Sacred Harmonic Society's next concert—in the same building—taking place on the evening of Jan. 19, when the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society will give a performance of Berlioz's "Faust" music in the great Kensington building, in which a Scotch concert will take place on Jan. 25, this being also the date of the first of a new series of Mr. Henschel's vocal recitals; other performances by institutions just named will occur during following weeks. In February the Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace will be continued, and full musical activity will soon afterwards be apparent in various metropolitan and suburban quarters.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

A course of Christmas lectures, adapted to a juvenile auditory, was begun at the Royal Institution on Dec. 27 by Sir R. S. Ball, Royal Astronomer of Ireland, on the sun, moon, planets, comets, and stars. In the course of his lecture he alluded to numerous letters which he had received inquiring concerning the "Star of Bethlehem," which had, as some said, appeared in the eastern sky. Of course, he said, that those present knew it was only their old friend Venus, which regularly went round once in nineteen months.

The following are the lecture arrangements before Easter, 1888:—Mr. George J. Romanes is announced to give ten lectures, "Before and After Darwin"; Mr. Hubert Herkomer, three lectures, on The Walker School, My Visits to America, and Art Education; Mr. C. H. H. Parry, four lectures, on Early Secular Choral Music; the Rev. W. H. Dallinger, three lectures, on Microscopical Work with recent Lenses on the Least and Simplest Forms of Life; Lord Rayleigh, seven lectures, on Experimental Optics; Mr. William Archer, three lectures, on the Modern Drama: French, Scandinavian, and English.

The following are the arrangements for the Friday evening meetings:—Lord Rayleigh on Diffraction of Sound; Mr. Joseph Thomson on the Exploration of Masai Land; Mr. Frank Crisp on Ancient Microscopes; Mr. W. H. Preece on Safety Lamps in Collieries; Sir Henry Doulton on Some Developments of English Pottery during the last fifty years; the Very Rev. Dean Bradley on Westminster Abbey; Dr. C. Meymott Tidy on Poisons and Poisoning; Mr. Leslie Stephen on S. T. Coleridge; Mr. John Murray on Structure, Origin, and Distribution of Coral Reefs and Islands; and discourse by Sir Frederick Bramwell.

A parcel-post service between Portugal and England by sea will be opened on Jan. 1.

The marriage of Mr. Gerald W. Balfour, M.P., fourth son of the late Mr. James and Lady Blanche Balfour, of Whittingham, N.B., and Lady Elizabeth (Betty) Bulwer-Lytton, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lytton, took place on Dec. 21, by special license, at Knebworth House, Lord Lytton's seat, near Stevenage, Herts. Owing to Mr. Balfour's delicate health, the marriage was of a private character, none but the nearest relatives being present at the ceremony.

Will be ready in a few days.

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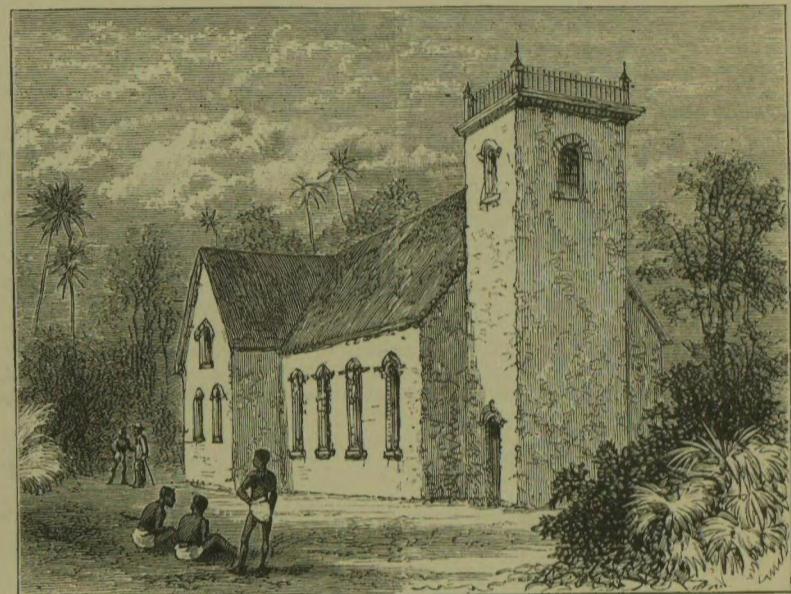
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LOYALTY ISLANDS, WEST PACIFIC OCEAN.

The expulsion of the Rev. Mr. Jones, an English missionary, from the Loyalty Islands, by order of the French Government, has recently drawn attention to those islands. The Loyalty group is under the protection of France, and lies between New Caledonia and the New Hebrides, at a distance of about sixty miles from the former, and within one hundred miles of the latter island. It consists of three principal islands—Maré, Lifu, and Uea, respectively about seventy, ninety, and fifty miles in circumference, and five islets, all of coral formation. Uea, situated at the northern extremity, affords fairly good shelter for vessels, in an extensive lagoon well protected by coral reefs. Maré and Lifu possess no harbour of any kind, and ships visiting these islands are compelled to anchor in open bays or roadsteads. The climate of the Loyalties is perhaps cooler and more healthy than that of the New Hebrides; but though tropical vegetation is not so abundant, yams, bananas, breadfruit, coconuts, and the sugar cane grow well, while cotton is largely cultivated for the purposes of trade. As in New Caledonia, pine-trees flourish and are much utilised by the natives in the manufacture of their canoes. The population, at one time very large, has for some years been declining—a fact, indeed, but too common in the Pacific Islands. Like the New Hebrides, the men and women are strong and active, but ill-looking. Civilisation has made rapid strides among them, as is manifested by their friendliness to strangers and in the superior character of their dwellings. The houses in Maré are walled, thatched, and well-plastered with lime made from the coral which everywhere abounds. The chief's residence on the island is made of stone and built after the French fashion with verandah, balcony, and long windows, while inside it is well but plainly furnished.

Maré is the centre of the British mission; but long before white men visited the Loyalties to spread the cause of Christianity, native teachers from Eastern Polynesia had been

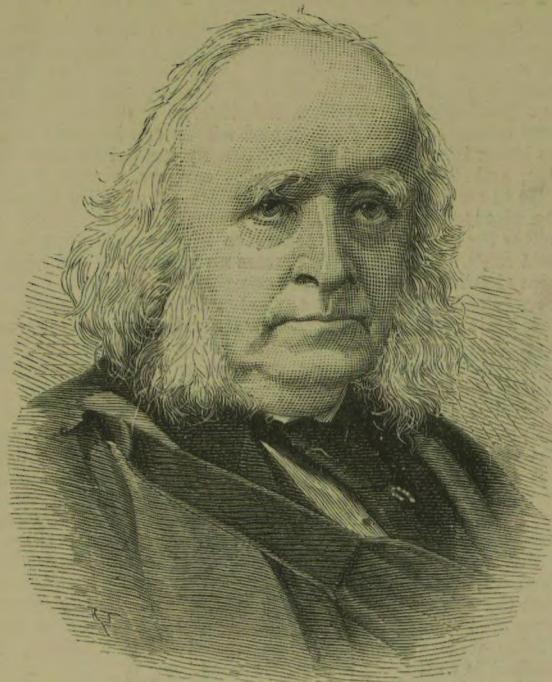


THE REV. MR. JONES'S NATIVE CHURCH AT MARE.

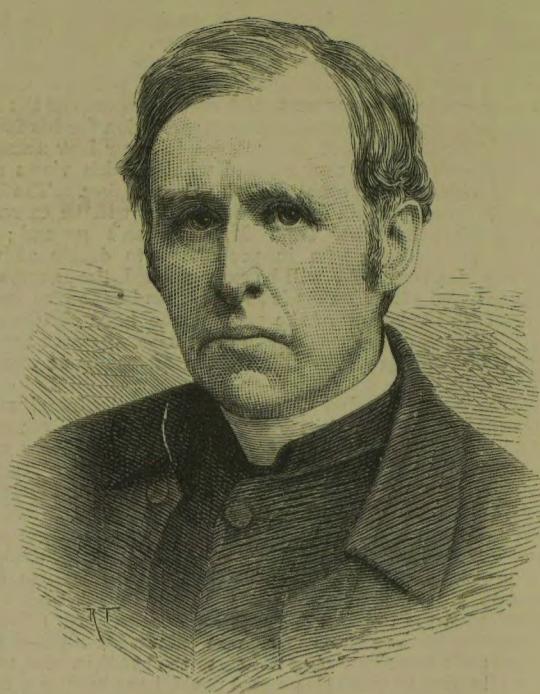
working among the inhabitants; and when the first white missionary, a representative of the Church of England, landed there he found a congregation of natives ready and willing to receive instruction. Since his death the work of evangelisation has been carried on by Ministers of the London Missionary Society. Mr. Jones became the sole representative of that society in the Loyalty Islands. He received his appointment in 1853, before the French extended their protection to New Caledonia, and since that date has laboured among the natives, whom he has raised from semi-barbarism into a condition of civilisation and cultivation. One of his great works is the designing of a stone church, which, under his direction, has been built by native labour, and is capable of accommodating 800 persons.

THE LATE REV. A. H. MACKONOCHE.

This well-known London clergyman died of exposure among the snowdrifts of the Scottish Highlands, having lost his way in a solitary excursion on foot, near Ballachulish, Argyllshire, on Saturday, Dec. 17. He had been staying in the neighbourhood on a visit to the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. Alexander Heriot Mackonochie was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, and was ordained in 1849, from which time until 1852 he held the curacy of Westbury, Wilts. From 1852 to 1858 he was Curate of Wantage, and, for the four succeeding years, of St. George-in-the-East. In 1862 he was appointed to the living of St. Alban's, Holborn, where the Ritualistic form of the services attracted so much notice, that in 1867 a prosecution was commenced by Mr. Martin against Mr. Mackonochie, which, in the following year, ended in a verdict against him on the ground of the use of incense, the mixing of water with the wine, and the elevation of the elements in the sacrament. Mr. Mackonochie appealed from this decision; but in December, 1868, the case was decided against him, and in the subsequent year he was censured by the Privy Council for evading the judgment of the Court. In November, 1870, Mr. Mackonochie was suspended from duty for three months by decree of the Privy Council for continued disobedience. In 1874 a new suit was commenced by Mr. Martin in the Court of Arches against Mr. Mackonochie, who was suspended for six weeks and ordered to pay the costs. In April, 1881, the House of Lords affirmed a further suspension of Mr. Mackonochie for three years. In December, 1882, the connection of Mr. Mackonochie with St. Alban's, Holborn, ceased. He resigned that living, as stated at the time, in obedience to a request made to him by Archbishop Tait, shortly before his death, and on the understanding that the Bishop of London would not debar him from further preferment in his diocese. Immediately afterwards Mr. Mackonochie was appointed to the Vicarage of St. Peter's, London Docks, vacated by the Rev. R. A. J. Suckling, whom the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's had appointed to succeed Mr. Mackonochie at St. Alban's, Holborn. In 1883 Mr. Mackonochie was, by a further legal proceeding, deprived of the living of St. Peter's, London Docks. Since that time he has been assisting in the services at St. Alban's, Holborn. The funeral of Mr. Mackonochie took place on Dec. 23. His body had been brought to London; there was a service at St. Alban's Church, and a procession through the streets to the South-Western Railway station in Lambeth, from which the coffin was conveyed to Woking Cemetery; the interment was attended by many of the clergy and ladies of Church sisterhoods.



THE LATE DR. ARTHUR FARRE, M.D., F.R.S.

MISS CHARLOTTE ROBINSON,
HOME ART DECORATOR TO HER MAJESTY.

THE LATE REV. A. H. MACKONOCHEE.

THE QUEEN'S HOME ART DECORATOR.

Miss Charlotte Robinson, who has been appointed Home Art Decorator to her Majesty the Queen, has been for some time engaged in art decorative work of various kinds. Her exhibits at the famous Manchester Exhibition, and also at Saltaire, have attracted great attention this year, and she has quite established herself in Manchester as adviser in general on matters relating to house decoration and furnishing. Her father was a well-known Yorkshire lawyer. After leaving Queen's College, Harley-street, she expended a great deal of energy on the usual engagements which fall to the lot of an ordinary young lady in society. She was also associated with the entertainments organised by Mr. Titus Salt at Saltaire, and finally determined on a career of honourable work rather than a life of dull inactivity or intermittent charitable enterprises. Regardless of the bugbear which terrifies weaker women—the loss of social status—she opened a shop in King-street, Manchester; and the result

has been eminently satisfactory. She has now won the recognition of her Majesty, who has always been ready to show a kindly interest in ladies who are trying to open out new paths for the remunerative employment of women in appropriate directions. Miss Robinson had at first some difficulty in making people understand that her work was commercial, not charitable; but she feels that until a healthy public sentiment is created, the false pride which keeps ladies afraid of entering on industrial pursuits will never be overcome. Her clever sister, Mrs. McClelland, is the presiding genius of the London studio, in which a number of lady artists are busily at work in various directions.

The Portrait is from a photograph taken while Miss Robinson was travelling in America, and forwarded to us by Miss Emily Faithfull.

Major F. W. Archer, of the King's Royal Rifles, has been selected for the Adjutancy of the 5th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.

THE LATE DR. ARTHUR FARRE.

The death of Dr. Arthur Farre, M.D., F.R.S., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, took place on Dec. 17, in his seventy-seventh year. He was son of the late John Richard Farre, M.D., and received his education at the Charterhouse, and Caius College, Cambridge, also at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He became a member of the Royal College of Physicians in 1838, and was elected Fellow in 1843. He was Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 1836-7, and on Forensic Medicine from 1838 to 1840. From 1841 to 1862, Dr. Farre was Professor of Obstetric Medicine at King's College, as well as Physician Accoucheur to King's College Hospital. In obstetric science and surgery he was at the head of his profession. In 1863 he was appointed Consulting Physician to King's College Hospital. He held the offices of Censor, Examiner, and Councillor in the Royal College of Physicians for the usual period, and was appointed Harveyian Orator in 1872. For twenty-four years he was Examiner in

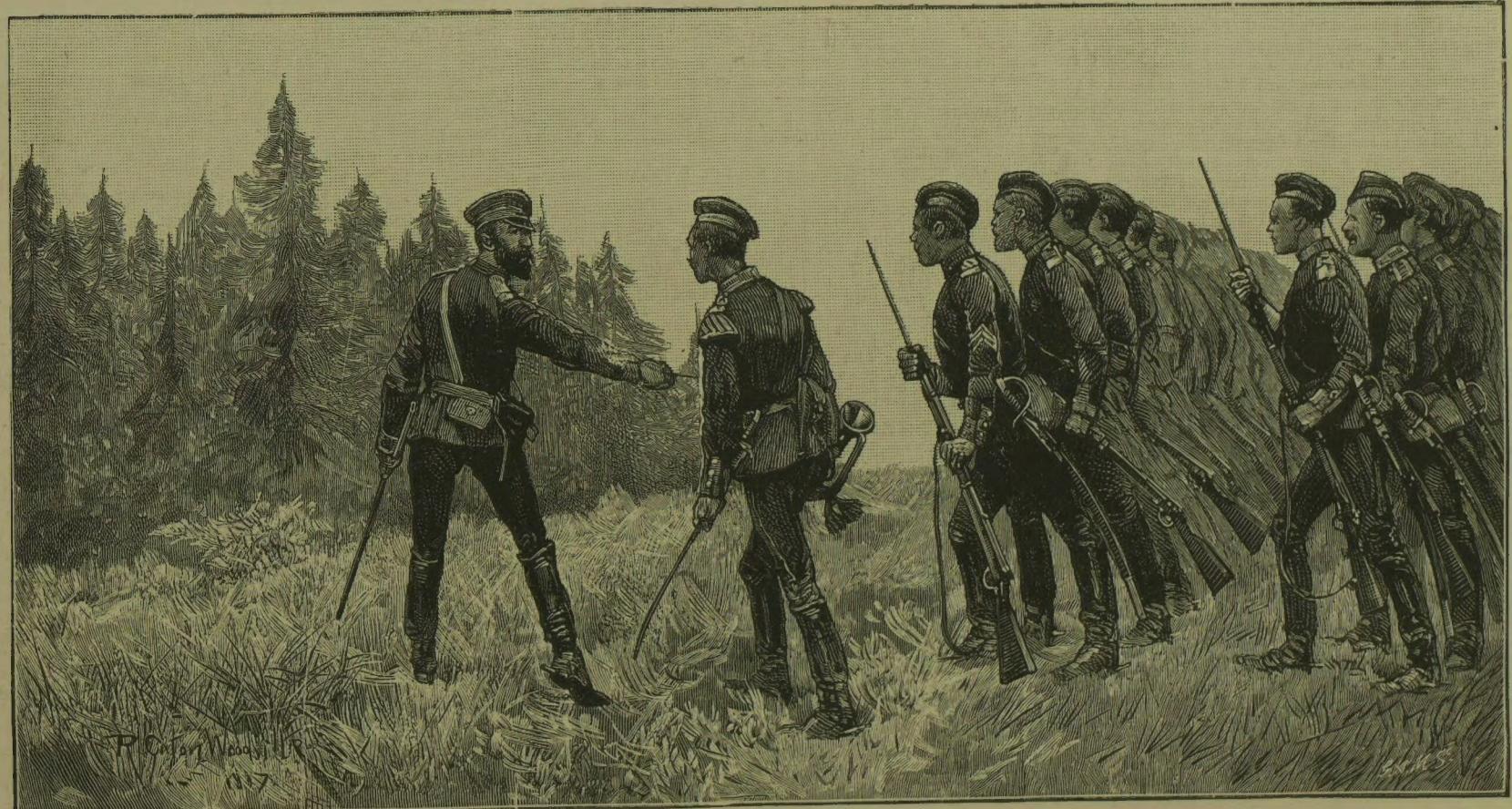


ARRIVAL OF RUSSIAN ARTILLERY AT WILNA.

FROM A SKETCH BY M. DILNISINSKI



"DISMOUNT."



DISMOUNTED CAVALRY: "ADVANCE IN LINE—FIX BAYONETS!"

THE ARMIES OF THE CONTINENT: RUSSIAN CAVALRY.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The personal popularity of Mr. Wilson Barrett was emphatically proved when his well-known voice was first heard behind the scenes, and he came forward, in the neat attire of a clergyman of the Established Church, to be congratulated as the new manager of the Globe Theatre. The good work of Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Princess's Theatre will not be readily forgotten. He improved the tone of melodrama, and did his utmost to revive a taste for the poetical drama. Whatever he did was thoroughly done, in an earnest spirit, and in a manly way; and there was no little disappointment when his friends and patrons learned that, during his absence in America, the large theatre in Oxford-street had somehow or other slipped through his hands, and that at last it became a question of a smaller house or nothing at all. So there was an atmosphere of cordial congratulation and good-will on the opening night of the Globe, when the long-expected "Golden Ladder," by Mr. G. R. Sims, who had received the practical assistance and sound judgment of the popular actor-manager, was to be produced, seen, and tested. It is a curious work. In some respects, it is the best thing of the kind that Mr. Sims has done. His comedy scenes are delightful. He sketches a comic character with a stroke of the pen. He describes a man in a sentence. Since the days of Robertson we have had no writer for the stage who can tell so much in so few words. Of course, they were writers distinct in their tastes and style of humour. The master-mind that influenced Robertson was Thackeray. He liked to tell of swells and English officers, and proud mothers and gentle women. No one uninfluenced by Thackeray could have created George D'Alroy, or Hawtry, or the Marquise. But Dickens is the guide, philosopher, and friend of George Sims. The showman in "Lights o' London," the confectioner in "The Golden Ladder," all these honest, humorous, kindly folk, with their cockneyisms and cordiality, are steeped in the very essence of Dickens. The comic characters invented by Sims are far nearer the men and women that Dickens drew than any that H. J. Byron produced; and one of these days, when he has time, G. R. Sims will write a homely, middle-class, cockney play quite as successful as "Our Boys," for he has both the faculty and facility to do so. We who listen feel that he is at home with his comic characters. They are people that he understands and loves. But, like Dickens before him, he becomes a little strained, a little stilted, and a little stagey when he strays out of the confectioner's back-parlour or the showman's caravan. The initial mistake of "The Golden Ladder" is the parson-hero. It sounds well, at first, to make a long-suffering man a clergyman; but, cleverly and conscientiously as the authors have desired to steer clear of sectarianism, it is wellnigh impossible altogether to avoid it. This is particularly the case when the Rev. Frank Thornhill is in direct opposition with the French authorities in Madagascar, and strives to convince us that an English clergyman has a right to make himself an obstructive and rather insolent and self-assertive person as well. We cannot forget that the French also have missionaries—men whose first idea of duty is discipline, men who are under orders, men who obey, men who do not consider that the essence of religion is self-righteousness—and on this account the attitude of this "muscular Christian" towards the ruling powers, who happen to be of another sect, is peculiarly offensive, and, in some eyes, unwarrantable. The theatre is not, and should not be, a battlefield of the sects. Religious controversy is as out of place in a theatre as it is at the dinner-table; and, though neither Mr. Sims nor Mr. Barrett evidently desire to encourage controversy, they do so unwittingly by introducing a parson who would not be a parson without his views, his sentiments, and his peculiar manner of enforcing them. Again the note of sorrow is pitched lugubriously low. The scene between the husband and wife in prison, with the allusion to the dying child, is rather morbid than affecting. There is a wide difference between the pathetic and the distressing. This perpetual cry of torture, this picture of a woman locked unjustly in prison, who cannot get at her dying child, does not touch the heart so much as it rends the nerves. It affects the audience with horror more than with pity. It is as unendurable as if the dramatists had shown us a dog run over in the streets, or a child tumbled out of a nursery window. It may be very true, but it is all uncommonly painful.

Given the subject, granted that people really do care to have their feelings harrowed up in this fashion, admitted that it is pleasant to be taken into prison cells and hear the heart-throbs of incarcerated criminals, the acting could scarcely be better than it is in at least three characters in the play. Mr. Wilson Barrett might have walked out of a reading-desk. He is forcible, quiet, and courteously sarcastic. His utterance is admirably distinct, and he is delightfully convincing and in earnest. He carries the play along with his determined energy, and whatever interest it contains he makes the most of. Miss Eastlake as the imprisoned wife was painfully truthful. She made the woman's agony so realistic that it made the audience shudder. Her screams ring in our ears as we write, and force one to believe that it was all true, and that we were present when the bewildered mother was locked into her lonely cell. It is a relief, indeed, to turn to the cheery delightful fun of Mr. George Barrett, to step from the prison-yard to the little back parlour at Hampstead, and to exchange the yells of incarcerated women for the pleasant chatter of Mr. and Mrs. Peckaby, and their forward daughter, Miss Victoria Alexandra. These capital characters were imitatively played by Mr. George Barrett, Mrs. Leigh and the clever Phoebe Carlo, who is no longer a child-actress.

The new extravaganza called "Frankenstein," prepared with so much care and mounted with such lavish luxury at the Gaiety, received a very churlish welcome on Christmas Eve. Saturday is about the worst night on which a play can well be produced, and the half-holiday movement, instead of making people amiable, apparently turns them savage. One would have thought that old friends and favourites such as Miss Farren and Mr. Leslie, admirable artists as they are, would have been welcomed with courtesy on Christmas Eve, even if the play was a little incomprehensible and the fun not so bright as it is accustomed to be. But no consideration of this kind affected or influenced the Gaiety audiences. They were determined to show their ill-temper on every possible occasion, and behaved as unreasonably as wilful children who, because they could not enjoy the play themselves, were determined that no one else should be amused so long as the evening lasted. This dog-in-the-manger policy is getting very common now-a-days. The malcontents seem to forget that other people beside themselves have paid for their seats, and have a right to be heard in the matter, and it was an excellent thing to see the occupants of stalls and boxes determined to fight for fair play, and to protect the interests of those behind the curtain. A little more of this spirit may be advantageously shown, or we shall have other plays hissed off the stage by cantankerous people who come to the playhouse far more inclined to "guy the play" than to encourage the actor. The authors, "Richard Henry," are certainly entitled to some commiseration. They were placed in a cleft stick. For the mere sake of adding to the Christmas character of the show, for the mere purpose of adding to the

processions, to the panoply, to the extravagance, to the dresses and the glitter, they were evidently compelled to cover their work with fog. It was for the sake of the greedy sightseer that "Frankenstein" became more a showy Christmas spectacle than a coherent work of art. Whereupon, the sightseers turn round and rend them for catering, not for themselves but the drama's patrons. Some people are never satisfied; but it seems the height of absurdity to hiss and hoot at the Gaiety at what is applauded to the echo at Drury-Lane. The initial grievance seemed to be that the pit had been curtailed. Well, such a policy may be justifiable or the reverse: but it is a curious illustration of bad manners to ill-treat and insult such favourite performers as Miss Farren and Mr. Leslie, and to ruin the effect of the spectacle because the management has offended a certain section of his patrons. In fact, the contention is that the play is to be condemned, the actors frightened, and the majority of the audience rendered uncomfortable, simply because the minority has worked itself into a temper. A lesson may, however, be learned from all this, and that is the salutary one that fun and frivolity are estimated at a higher value than any amount of silks, satins, and embroidery. This is as it should be. The mania for elaboration and costliness has got beyond all control, and the sooner managers attract their patrons by art and not the milliner, the better. It is evident to all who have attended the various Christmas shows that people are getting tired of these feasts of the eye. They want to be amused, not dazzled. It must be owned, however, that "Frankenstein" has been very well received and applauded since the fatal first night.

We propose this year to take the Christmas pieces by degrees, and to describe them all at leisure—a plan that has its advantages considering that they are always better when they have got into good working order. Meanwhile Mr. Augustus Harris, true to his original determination, has, in "Puss in Boots," beaten his record, and placed on the stage some of the most costly and artistic scenes that the present generation has witnessed. There is one picture at Drury that literally baffles description, and almost takes the breath away, so magnificent and imposing is it. And there is plenty of fun for the children, and a wonderful cat. Covent-Garden does not rely so much on extravagance and display, but here may be seen a pantomime of the old-fashioned pattern, with good comic scenes, funny masks, brisk action, and excellent music. Miss Fanny Leslie is the life and soul of "Jack and the Beanstalk," and sings charmingly. On the first night the clown struck and there was no harlequinade, which did not very much matter, seeing that the transformation scene did not come on until 11.30; but, since then, matters have been arranged and the children are not deprived of the pleasure of the "dear old clown."

One of the best and most popular of the Christmas entertainments is that of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels at the St. James's Hall. During the Christmas holidays the minstrels, with Mr. Moore at their head, take possession of the large hall, and there twice a day they "discourse most excellent music." The part singing of the minstrels is better than it has ever been before in our memory, the light and shade, the gradual crescendo and diminuendo, being very delicately and expressively rendered. But in addition to the songs and gales there is plenty of nigger fun, in which no vulgarity appears. The children during holiday-time could not be taken to a better or more exhilarating entertainment. The music is admirable, and the mirth innocuous.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, is crowded this holiday-time. The performance commences with the bright little piece "Tally Ho!" written by T. Malcolm Watson, the music being by Alfred J. Caldicott; and concludes with a new holiday sketch, entitled "Our Servants' Ball," by Corney Grain, given for the first time in London on Boxing Day.

Proposals have been under discussion at the Lambeth Vestry for contributing from the local rates towards the establishment of public parks in Vauxhall and Brixton. In regard to the former, it was decided to accept the offer of the Metropolitan Board to give £1500 an acre, the Vestry contributing a like sum. A similar resolution was adopted with reference to the purchase of Raleigh House and grounds, at Brixton, the price, however, being limited to £1000 per acre.

At a meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works the budget for the ensuing year was submitted by the chairman of the Finance Committee, who expressed deep regret that they had felt it their duty to impose a heavier burden on the ratepayers of the metropolis than they had ever done before. The increase would be nearly a penny in the pound. It was stated that if the coal dues were not continued there would be an immediate advance of 2½d. in the pound on the rate for the metropolitan area, and of probably 4d. in the district of the City of London. After discussion the estimates were adopted.

Among the foremost of diary publishers are Messrs. Charles Letts and Co., of the Royal Exchange, whose Diaries for the New Year meet the wants of all classes, being of various sizes and forms and internal arrangement. Their office ones range from plain quarto books of the simplest kind to octavo volumes elaborately got up and interleaved with blotting-paper, a page allotted to each day, and containing much information suitable for persons engaged in commerce. Their "Clerical Diary" has arrangements for noting matters affecting the daily duties of the clergy; while their "Ladies' Annual" combines a diary and a housekeeping account skilfully arranged.

The concurrence of Christmas Day with Sunday drew large attendances, on Dec. 25, to the various places of worship in the metropolis, both morning and evening. The majority of the churches were appropriately decorated for the Christmas festival; and the choral services were, in many cases, supplemented by the singing of carols and suitable selections from "The Messiah" and other oratorios.—The metropolitan holiday-makers had, on Boxing Day, the advantage of a fine, bracing day, with frost and sunshine, which to those in a condition to take advantage of it was most enjoyable. London was, consequently, largely spread about the environs of the metropolis, and every mode of travelling was made use of.

The annual general meeting of the subscribers to the Egypt Exploration Fund was held on Dec. 22, at the rooms of the Society of Arts. The report stated that the expenditure for the year had been £1510, and the receipts £1718, the balance at present being £2311. A large number of donations were made to the British Museum, including several highly interesting works of ancient Egyptian art. Donations were also made to the Boston Museum, and frequent allusions were made to the liberal support from America to the fund. Donations were also voted to the University of Chataqua, the Museum of Sydney, the Ashmolean Society, and other museums.—In connection with this meeting, M. Naville next day delivered, in the room of the Society of Arts, a lecture on "Butastis and the City of Onias"; and, on the motion of Sir C. Newton, seconded by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, who urgently appealed for an increase of the English subscriptions to the fund, a cordial vote of thanks was awarded to M. Naville for his lecture.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Dec. 27.

The Christmas fêtes have relieved us for a few days from the terrible weariness of political discussion, and those who cannot live without this pabulum are obliged, in order to satisfy their passion, to discount the future or to sum up the past. The result of these meditations is that storms and trouble may be expected when the deputies come back after the holidays, and that the year 1887 must be marked with a black pebble in the history of France. The political administration, the army, the magistracy, the police have all been brought into suspicion. M. Grévy has been wrecked in a storm of moral ruin, and his place has been taken by a new man, whose authority is already contested by those who have created it. The voice of the mob has been heard, and Parliament has been influenced by it. And, to crown all, an abominable attempt has been made to assassinate a representative of the nation, while Socialism has affirmed its presence in the Chamber by the formation of a professed Socialist group composed of eighteen deputies. Verily it cannot be said that the Republic is gaining ground. Parliament seems to be rendered impotent for good by the extreme division of parties, each one full of envy, hatred, and malice; outside Parliament, anarchy clamours for bloodshed; and it is only the fear of the national enemy that can calm all this discord for a fleeting hour. The year 1887 has served to prove that the French Republic no longer exists by virtue of its own strength, but simply through the weakness and incapacity of its enemies. Another point to be remarked is the comparative indifference of the great mass of the nation to the friction and irregularities of parts of the Governmental machine. It would seem that the greater the civilisation of a nation the less it needs a Government of an energetic nature, the accessories of civilisation being themselves guarantees of security. When not only every town, but the whole surface of the country, is in railway, telegraphic, and telephonic communication, the citizens are less easily alarmed by the revolutionary antics of a mob which the police, summoned by telephone, will certainly master at the next turning.

However, at the present moment, the traditional bonbon truce, the *trêve des confiseurs*, has arrived, and people have been thinking only of feasting and present-giving. Paris wears a frosty and holiday aspect; the fountains are frozen and yet the streets are perfumed with fresh violets; snow falls from time to time, and yet in the windows of the hundreds of flower-shops in the capital roses and branches of white lilac abound for the benefit of the gay bachelors who dine out, and who are bound in duty to send bouquets to their hostesses on New Year's Day. Paris has been converted into a vast toy-fair; the boulevards and the available open space are lined with booths, where all sorts of knick-knacks are sold for *étrencnes*, or New Year's presents; and in the book-shops the familiar yellow-covered novels have disappeared, to make room for beautiful and innumerable gift-books, and for special publications like "Paris-Noël," which is very remarkable as a specimen of chemical engraving and colour-printing, and does great credit to the taste of its editor, the art-critic, Gustave Goetschy. It is worth noticing that the best gift-books of the year are no longer illustrated with woodcuts, but with typographic photo-engravings. The modern reader demands profuse illustration and artistic illustration, and cheap books, and it is only thanks to the methods of photo-engraving that we can buy for a reasonable price a volume like M. Paul Bonnetain's capital book, "L'Extrême Orient" (1 vol. Quantin), which contains no less than 450 illustrations. The cheapness of modern illustrated French books is really remarkable.

The painter, François Bonvin, died recently, in his seventy-first year. "A Bonvin pas d'enseigne," said a wit before Bonvin's picture of a "Refectory," exhibited in the Salon of 1873. Good wine needs no bush, and Bonvin never went out of his way to get himself or his work famous. He lived in obscurity and almost in poverty, appreciated only by the fine connoisseurs, who ventured to rank his interiors, his "Refectory," his "Ecole des Frères," his many pictures of nuns and monastic life with the work of the great Pieter de Hoogh. Certainly, Bonvin was a masterly painter, and a most sincere and delicate artist. No man since the prodigious Pieter has rendered so truly the warm, golden, and serene light of the abodes of simplicity and honesty.

One of the typical men of Parisian journalism has disappeared in the person of Marcellin, the founder of *La Vie Parisienne*, that very witty, very frivolous, and often improper chronicle of Parisianism, which is now in the twenty-fifth year of its existence. In spite of its frivolity, even on account of it, the *Vie Parisienne* has published the prose of many distinguished writers, such as Taine, About, Sardou, Meilhac, Halévy, Droz, Sarcey, and even Zola, to say nothing of society people like the Duc de Morny, the Duc Decazes, and the Marquis de Massa. At the present, the journal is managed by a group of society people, and is likely to continue to be as prosperous as ever, for the manners, tastes, and morals of the Republic are no less frivolous than were those of the Empire.

Yet another statue! This one in memory of the benevolent Madame Boucicault, whose sense of justice, as the Socialists say, caused her to restore to the "pauv' peuple" the money she gained by the labour of the "pauv' peuple." Grateful Paris, it appears, is to undertake this monument to the type of the normal middle-class Frenchwoman, which Madame Boucicault was—the woman who is the partner as well as the wife of her husband, who is his companion in his office as well as at the fireside, the woman, in short, whom you see in French shops sitting at a desk and keeping the books with the aid of a fluffy and majestic Angora cat.

The Institute of France has sent a delegation to Brussels to offer to the Duc d'Aumale a medal struck in commemoration of his gift of the château and domain of Chantilly. The medal, without any inscription, bears on one face the portrait of the Duc d'Aumale, and on the other a view of Chantilly.

T. C.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany appeared on Christmas afternoon at his Majesty's favourite corner window in the Palace Unter den Linden, and were loudly cheered by a numerous crowd of holiday-makers. The Empress sat in a bath-chair by the Emperor's side. In the forenoon there was Divine service in the palace; and in the afternoon their Majesties entertained all the members of the Royal family at dinner as usual on Christmas Day. The Emperor, by way of a Christmas present to the Bismarck family, has appointed Count Herbert Bismarck as Active Privy Councillor, with the title of Excellency, he thus being the youngest man in the Empire with that distinction.

A proclamation has been issued instituting a new Constitution for Malta. The elected members will alone decide the money votes. It is stated that the new Constitution has been well received by the population.

The Australasian Parliaments having, with the exception of that of Queensland, passed the Naval Defence Bill, the Colonial Governments will shortly request the Home Government to proceed to the construction of Australian war-vessels.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY AT SAN REMO.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



LIFE AT SAN REMO.—IN THE GARDENS OF THE VILLA ZIRIO: THE CROWN PRINCESS OF GERMANY AND HER DAUGHTERS.

HISTORY OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

The Invasion of the Crimea. By A. W. Kinglake. Vols. 7 and 8 (W. Blackwood and Sons).—The deliberation and the minute elaboration with which this important historical work has been executed can scarcely be surpassed. It was begun more than a quarter of a century ago, since which period its volumes have been published at long intervals, and its conclusion, after all, leaves the narrative at the death of Lord Raglan, on June 28, 1855, when Sebastopol was far from being captured. Mr. Kinglake, who was an eye-witness of some incidents of that famous siege, and who subsequently revisited the place, made acquaintance with many of the chief actors in the transaction, and studied all the authentic documents of its progress, has produced an account of it which cannot, we should think, be materially impugned. His accuracy in military details is especially shown in the history of the protracted operations conducted by General Canrobert and his successor General Pelissier, and by Lord Raglan, from Oct. 17, 1854, during nine weary months, against the Russian defences, contrived and superintended by General Todeleben. The brilliant field actions early in the campaign, the storming of the heights on the Alma, the flank march to the encampment on the south side of Sebastopol, the cavalry fight of Balaclava, and the stubborn conflict of Nov. 5 on Mount Inkerman, were related in former volumes. There is nothing, in the two volumes now put before us, resembling the ordinary idea of a battle, where large bodies of troops encounter each other with rifle and bayonet on open ground; but there is a great deal of fierce fighting and hard working, with an aggregate loss of lives probably exceeding the numbers ever killed in the field on a single day. The amount of thought, skill, and industry, as well as of materials, expended on the defence or on the destruction of the complex fortifications devised and constructed by Todeleben, who must be ranked second only to Moltke among masters of the modern science and art of war, could not be equalled in any wide campaign. This consideration gives to Mr. Kinglake's work a high degree of intellectual interest, which is rather enhanced than diminished by his avoiding painful descriptions of the actual scenes of bloodshed. He states, in the case of each particular combat, and of many unsuccessful assaults by French or English who could scarcely reach a position to engage fairly in combat, the precise numbers of killed and wounded; but, except in noticing the death of a few most distinguished officers, he speaks in general terms, and forbears to dwell on pictures of mere carnage. A higher personal and dramatic interest belongs to the characters and conduct of the eminent commanders, and to the behaviour of the French Emperor, who continually interfered with their plans, and whose motives are now more completely exposed through the publication of many of his secrets at Paris. Mr. Kinglake very clearly proves that Napoleon III. wilfully sacrificed the plans agreed on by the Allied Governments, and obliged General Canrobert to pursue a vacillating and dilatory course, because he entertained a vain ambition to win military glory by personally leading a fresh army into the Crimea, landing at Aloushta, on the south-east coast, and marching to Simpheropol, while the siege of Sebastopol was to stand still. It is certain that Canrobert, if he had not been restrained by the Emperor's private orders, and by the authority of General Niel, who was sent to check and control him, might have followed up the crushing bombardment of the ten days from April 9 to April 19, with the capture by assault of the Flagstaff Bastion and the Central Bastion, which would, as Todeleben says, have rendered the further defence of Sebastopol impossible. Canrobert had not the moral courage to act contrary to the Emperor's wishes, and the instructions that he received were dishonestly concealed from Lord Raglan, who relied, during nearly four months, on the sincere execution by the French commander of his engagement made at the beginning of the year. The opening of electric telegraph communication with Paris rendered Canrobert liable to be hampered with new secret orders from the Emperor at any hour of any day or night; and the sudden recall of the first Kertch expedition, on May 4, was entirely due to this interference. After May 14, when Canrobert resigned and his command was taken by Pelissier, a frank, bold, and resolute man, who did not fear to disobey and contradict the Emperor, the most cordial good understanding with Lord Raglan prevailed, and great efforts were made to repress the advancing Russian outworks, by which the besiegers had themselves been besieged. Pelissier, it is true, blundered terribly in his assaults of June 18 on the Malakhoff and the other fortifications of the eastern suburb, which he rashly attempted, contrary to his arrangement with Lord Raglan the night before, without first disabling their batteries by a short bombardment on the same morning. Lord Raglan, however, was compelled in honour, as he felt, to order a simultaneous assault on the Redan, and the disastrous consequences are not to be forgotten. The abortive proceedings of that day cost the French army 3500 men, and the English army 1500, killed, wounded, and missing. The two English columns sent towards the Redan got no opportunity of fighting; they were simply destroyed with grapeshot and rifle-bullets, from the Russian ramparts, in crossing open spaces four or five hundred yards wide. In Chapter VII. of his last volume, Mr. Kinglake tells the whole story of June 18 with sustained fullness and minuteness of detail, omitting no particular of the precise circumstances affecting each point of the attacks—three French and two English attacks—which are illustrated by a map, showing the inequalities of the ground as well as the lines of advance, the positions and shapes of the Russian fortifications, and the entrenched parallels of the besieging armies. Similar maps are furnished with his accounts of all the important actions before Sebastopol; and we are enabled at length to comprehend them with the exactness which has been lacking in every preceding narrative. The author has, at the same time, introduced several personal anecdotes of much interest regarding men whose names are deservedly celebrated, but who were then young subaltern officers in our Army: Lieutenant Gerald Graham and Lieutenant Charles George Gordon, of the Royal Engineers, the former leading one of the devoted ladder-parties against the Redan; besides General Sir John Campbell, Colonel Yea, and Colonel Shadforth, who were killed there; Colonel Lord West, Colonel Tylden, Colonel Warre, Major Inglis, Captain Jesse, R.E., Captain Sir William Peel, R.N., Lieutenant A'Court Fisher, and Lieutenant Murray, R.E., who behaved with extraordinary valour and fortitude. In relating the work and fighting at "the Quarries," on June 7, he speaks with not less praise of Lieutenant Garnet Wolseley, then but twenty-one years of age, who had volunteered from the 90th Regiment to supply the place of a wounded engineer officer. The heroic death of Captain Hedley Vicars, a name well remembered, is also particularly narrated. It may be observed that the capture, up to June 7, of the Russian outworks, which Canrobert had allowed to arise unmolested, cost the French 5500 men and the English nearly 700, of whom forty-seven were officers. This was mainly owing, it appears, to the conduct of the Emperor Napoleon and General Niel, in setting aside, surreptitiously, and with capricious departure from an express compact, the plans arranged with the British

Commander-in-Chief. Lord Raglan's heart might well be almost broken, though it cannot be positively affirmed that the illness which terminated his life was rendered mortal by the effects of his long anxieties and disappointments. The concluding description of the scenes that followed his death includes the general mourning in the Allied camps, the affectionate grief of the rude and impatient Pelissier, who stood weeping an hour at the bedside, and the martial ceremony of the procession to embark Lord Raglan's body on board the *Caradoc*, for conveyance to England. Lord Raglan was, indeed, a noble gentleman, a gallant soldier, and a true servant of his country; but he had not shown much inventive resource in his high command. He was not only hampered and trammelled, but was occasionally forced into measures that were ill-advised and inexpedient, by the necessity of subjecting his own judgment to the will of his French colleagues. It is earnestly to be hoped, for the sake of British military honour, that under no political pretext, in future, any army of Englishmen may ever again be doomed to undertake a joint operation with a foreign army, whether French, Austrian, or German, more than twice as large as itself. This lesson is the moral of Mr. Kinglake's valuable work.

The Portrait of the late Dr. Arthur Farre is from a photograph by Messrs. Lombardi and Co., Pall-mall East: and that of the late Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, from one by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent-street.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. Kelly, Royal Sussex Regiment, has been selected by Lieutenant-General H. A. Smyth, the newly-appointed Commander-in-Chief at the Cape, as Military Secretary.

The returns of the present state of the Congregational Union of England and Wales shows that there are now 4338 churches, branch churches, and mission stations connected with the Union. The total number of ministers is 2686.

A decree has been issued by the Austrian Minister of Public Instruction forbidding the use of small-printed books in public schools, which is regarded as the cause of the near-sightedness so prevalent among school-children.

Mr. Maskelyne has introduced several new features into his programme of mystery at the Egyptian Hall, and Christmas audiences have been greatly delighted as well as astonished at the varied performances.

The great raft of logs which was separated from the large steam-ship towing it to New York has been broken up by the waves; and the United States steamer *Enterprise* was among the floating logs on Dec. 23, and for part of the succeeding night, some 135 miles south of the place where the raft was lost.

The Rev. W. C. E. Newbott, M.A., of Pembroke College, Oxford, Vicar of Malvern Link, has been appointed Principal of the Ely Theological College, in place of Canon Luckock, who has resigned the office, which he held from the foundation of the college, in 1876.

The records of the Challenger expedition will soon be completed by the publication of the twenty-second, twenty-third, and twenty-fourth volumes. This work has been in course of publication ever since the end of the voyage in 1874, and the cost of compiling and printing the report is said to have already exceeded £200,000.

Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., has presented his great picture, "Love and Death," to the Whitworth Committee at Manchester, which has been formed to carry out a proposed gift of a public park and museum of arts by the trustees of the late Sir J. Whitworth. The artist had lately declined an offer of £3000 for the work to become the property of the city.

The Duke of Norfolk presented the Pope on Dec. 26 with the gifts sent to him by the Queen. The Duke was first received in private audience by his Holiness. He then presented the gifts officially in the throne room. They comprise a splendid gold jug and plate for the celebration of the mass. Both are copies of those in Windsor Castle, and have been executed in relief.

The Rev. P. W. Phipps, Rector of Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks, has received a letter from Sir Henry Ponsonby informing him that the Queen will be happy to give £20 towards the fund for the purchase and preservation of the cottage in which Milton finished "Paradise Lost" and began "Paradise Regained," and saying that he will be glad to hear further when progress has been made.

A free public library is being established at Rochester, as the city's chief permanent memorial of the Queen's Jubilee. The town council have set apart a room at the Corn Exchange for the purposes of the library, and the funds have been raised by public subscription. The sum available at present will probably be about £600, and £400 will be immediately expended on suitable books.—The inhabitants of Sittingbourne have also recently adopted the Free Public Libraries Act.

At a meeting of the delegates of the Hospital Saturday Fund, held on Dec. 21, at the Board-room (31, Fleet-street), Mr. Hamilton Hoare, chairman, the report of the distribution committee, recommending that £10,000 of the £11,300 collected be distributed among seventy-six hospitals, thirty-nine dispensaries, and twenty-three convalescent homes and other institutions, was adopted. The awards were based upon the relief afforded, economy practised, and efficiency attained.

The "Supplemental Valuation Lists" of the metropolis, made by Mr. Jebb, the clerk of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, under the Valuation (Metropolis) Act, to come into operation next April, have been issued, and show that the rateable value of the metropolis, notwithstanding the depression of trade, still increases. When the new system came into existence seventeen years ago the gross value of the metropolis was, in round figures, £24,000,000, and the rateable value £19,000,000. By the lists to come into force next April the gross value of the metropolis has risen to £37,704,000, and the rateable value to £30,975,672. Poplar, Shoreditch, St. George's-in-the-East, and the Stepney Union are the only places which show lessened values, and these are attributable to local changes, for some parts of the same places show increases. In the commercial and residential parts of London there are steady increases.

Mr. Evan Franks writes as follows from the St. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission, for sailors, fishermen, and emigrants, 65, Fenchurch-street, London, E.C.:—"More than twenty years ago an appeal was made in the columns of the *Illustrated London News* for copies of the paper when done with, and for books and magazines for ship's libraries and for distribution on board merchant and emigrant ships and fishing-smacks. Since then the St. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission has supplied, free, more than 7000 ship's libraries, and distributed tons of illustrated papers and magazines. No papers are more appreciated on board ship than illustrated papers. May I ask through your columns for such books, papers, and magazines as may be of no further use to your readers? They will be of great value to us. The demands on us are so large that we find it impossible to keep pace with it, as we not only provide ship's libraries, but send large quantities of books, papers, &c., to sailor's homes and hospitals abroad."

CHRISTMAS TREATS.

On Christmas Day the inmates of the metropolitan workhouses and the hospitals were supplied with the usual bountiful Christmas fare.

The benevolent hospitalities customary at this season have been carried out this year with increasing generosity on the part of the charitable public of the metropolis.

Baroness Burdett-Cout's distributed, through her agent, Mr. Harrison, on Dec. 23, Christmas gifts, consisting of joints of beef and grocery, to nearly 500 families on her Columbia Estate, Bethnal-green.

The patients in the Seamen's Hospital (late the Dreadnought) had their Christmas dinner on Boxing Day. The greater number of the nations of the world were represented, men from twenty-eight nationalities in all being present.

Annual distributions of materials for Christmas dinners were made on the same day, at Harley-street Chapel, Borough-road, by the Rev. W. Evans Hurndall's East London Mission.

For the third year in succession Miss Edith Woodworth, herself an actress, gave a bountiful Christmas dinner on Christmas Eve to a thousand little children, whose parents are or have been connected in different capacities with the metropolitan stage. On this occasion Mr. J. L. Cole shared with Miss Woodworth the expenses of the feast, and, as heretofore, many friends contributed to the success of the gathering. The dinner was followed by an entertainment, which the children greatly enjoyed, toys, sweetmeats, and silver coins being afterwards distributed among the little guests. Mr. Clement Scott carried out the arrangements most successfully, hearty assistance being rendered him by Mr. John Kirk, secretary of the Ragged School Union.

On the same evening, in accordance with annual custom, 350 family Christmas dinners were distributed at the Bloomsbury Chapel Domestic Mission Hall, Mendl-street, Dean-street, Soho; Mr. W. Harrison, who is head of the Mission, acting as chief almoner.

About 600 poor families of Hoxton, Shoreditch, St. Luke's, Clerkenwell, Holloway, &c., were supplied with the ingredients of a good Christmas dinner by Mrs. Emily Fair, of the Free Unsectarian Mission, St. Paul's-road, Highbury. The quantity of beef distributed was 1300 lb., in addition to which 600 loaves of bread, packets of flour, plums and currants, and spice, together with some Christmas literature, were given away. The oldest of the applicants were supplied additionally with parcels of tea and sugar.

The postmen of the Hampstead district, numbering about eighty, were entertained at their annual Christmas breakfast, supplied by the liberality of Hampstead residents, several of whom were present.

At Hare-court Chapel, Canonbury, 160 poor families were supplied with a Christmas dinner in the shape of 6 lb. of beef, a 4 lb. loaf, flour, plums, currants, and spice for puddings, and a shilling in cash; and each of the poor persons carrying away the food was given a cup of coffee and a bun. Over 600 poor children connected with the Hare-court missions attended the chapel on Christmas Day, and received buns and Christmas cards; and next day the same congregation gave sixpence each to the whole of the 400 or 500 children in the Islington Workhouse.

A large number of poor people were presented with Christmas dinners at Greenwich. The proceedings took place in the school-room of the Maze Hill Congregational Church.

An interesting ceremony was performed at the Skating Rink Hall at Croydon, when Christmas dinners were distributed to nearly 250 families, comprising upwards of a thousand persons. This annual presentation is due to the efforts of Mr. A. A. Johnston.

The Committee of the "Pinch of Poverty" Relief Fund—a movement which is the outcome of Mr. G. R. Sims's description of the misery of many of the South London poor—whose headquarters are at the well-known Farm House in the Mint, expended £100 in providing Christmas dinners for four hundred families belonging to the artisan and labouring classes who are out of work, and in distributing some fifty pairs of boots to the worst cases of necessity. Both Mr. A. Cohen, M.P., who is the chairman, and Mr. R. K. Canston, who is the treasurer of the fund, took an active interest in the deliberations of the committee.

The members of the Working Men's Mission, New-cut, had their annual distribution of Christmas gifts. About 250 poor persons, residing in the neighbourhood of the Mission Hall, Collingwood-street, were presented with tickets entitling them to receive about 5 lb. of beef, a quarter loaf, half-quarter flour, 1 cwt. coal, 4 lb. potatoes, ½ lb. tea, and some sugar.

The distribution of Christmas gifts to the poor was continued on Boxing Day at various metropolitan institutions. At the annual dinner to nearly 900 boys in Dr. Barnardo's London Homes, interesting details were given to the visitors as to the work carried on in the homes during the past year. Nearly 700 destitute men and women were supplied with dinners at the Field-lane Refuges and Ragged Schools, and gifts were also distributed at the Ham-yard Soup Kitchen and Hospice, Great Windmill-street; the Radnor-street Mission Rooms, St. Luke's; and other places.

The men in the garrisons throughout the country were on Christmas Eve busy decorating their quarters in a manner appropriate to Christmas, and on Boxing Day the barracks were the scenes of seasonal festivity and general enjoyment.

Sir Watkin Williams Wynn distributed his usual Christmas gifts to the aged and deserving poor of the iron and mining district of Ruabon, North Wales. Several fine cattle were slain in Wynnstay Park, and Christmas dinner was provided for upwards of 5000 persons. Lady Wynn presented several thousand yards of flannel and cloth for clothing, together with blankets and distributions of money.

A remarkable gathering took place at Leicester on Christmas Eve, when 2058 persons assembled, at the invitation of Mr. J. H. Cooper, of the Framework Knitters' Company, London, and Evington Hall, Leicester, to receive Christmas gifts and a Jubilee half-crown. The Mayor and Mayoress (Mr. and Mrs. Wright) attended, and the Mayor addressed the old people, whose ages extended from seventy to ninety-three years, fifty-five being over eighty years old. Of a similar number entertained last year 344 had died during the twelve months.

The Mercers' Company has given 25 guineas to the funds of the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, in Golden-square.

Princess Christian and the Duchess of Teck have consented to act as patronesses of the Fancy Dress Ball to be held on Feb. 9, 1888, at the Hôtel Métropole, in aid of the funds of the North London, or University College, Hospital, W.C.

There were built this year on the Clyde 185,326 tons of shipping, against 172,440 tons last year. This makes an increase of 12,922 tons, but as compared with 1885 the decrease is 8000 tons.

A report of the Royal Commission recently appointed to consider the regulations under which the money formerly devoted to Queen's Plates may be best utilised, appears in the *Gazette*, and sets forth the particulars of their scheme of distribution for the ensuing year.

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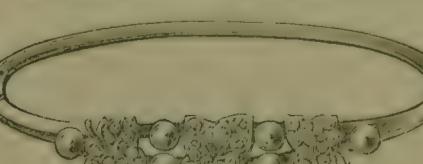
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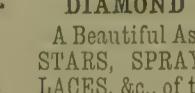
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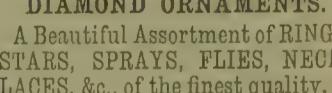
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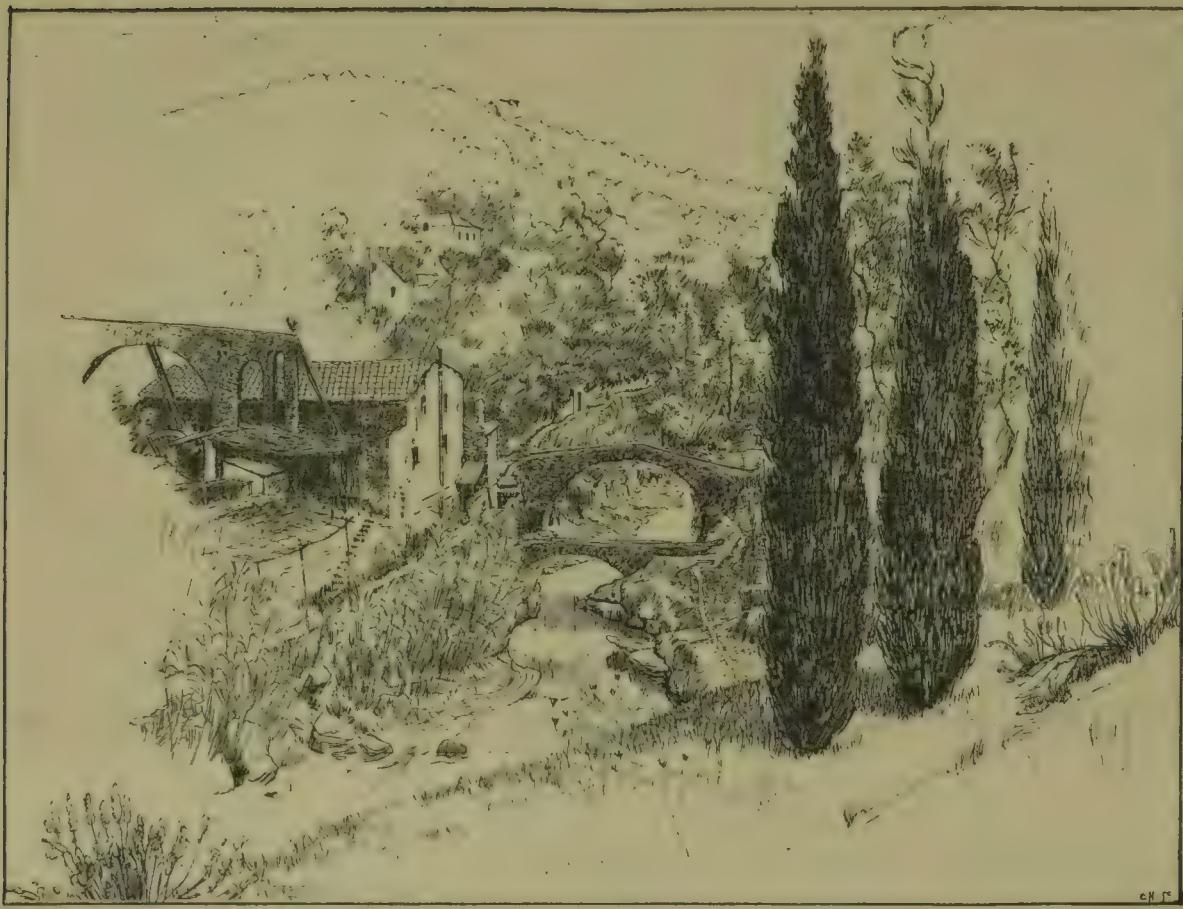
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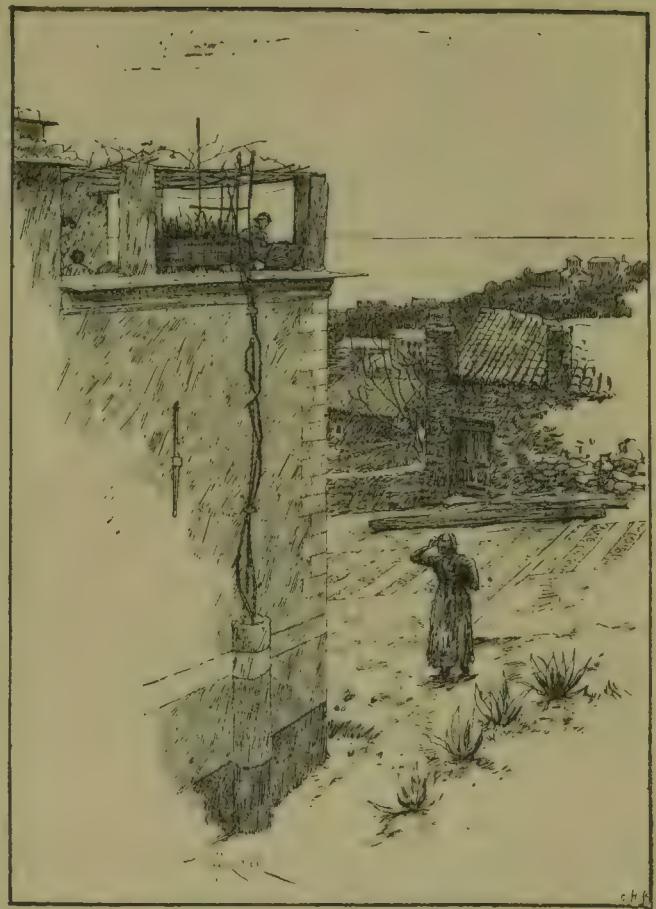
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VIEW FROM THE ROAD TO THE MADONNA DELLA COSTA.



A TERRACE IN THE OLD TOWN.

LIFE AT SAN REMO.—SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

LIFE AT SAN REMO.

Our Artist at San Remo, on the Italian Riviera, contributes further Sketches of the town and neighbourhood, and of incidents connected with the sojourn there of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany, with their family, in which great interest is now felt on account of the painful uncertainty with regard to the obscure disease of the throat, supposed by some eminent physicians to be cancer, so long threatening the health, and possibly the life, of the estimable

heir to the throne of Prussia and the German Empire. A Portrait of his Imperial and Royal Highness, drawn from the life by our Artist at San Remo, is published this week, and is accompanied with a group of the good Crown Princess, the English Princess Royal, eldest daughter of her Majesty Queen Victoria, and her own daughters, in the gardens of the Villa Zirio, where they are now residing. Her brother, Admiral the Duke of Edinburgh, has visited his sister and her husband, coming in a ship of the Mediterranean squadron, H.M.S. Smyrna, which remained a few days off San Remo, and the

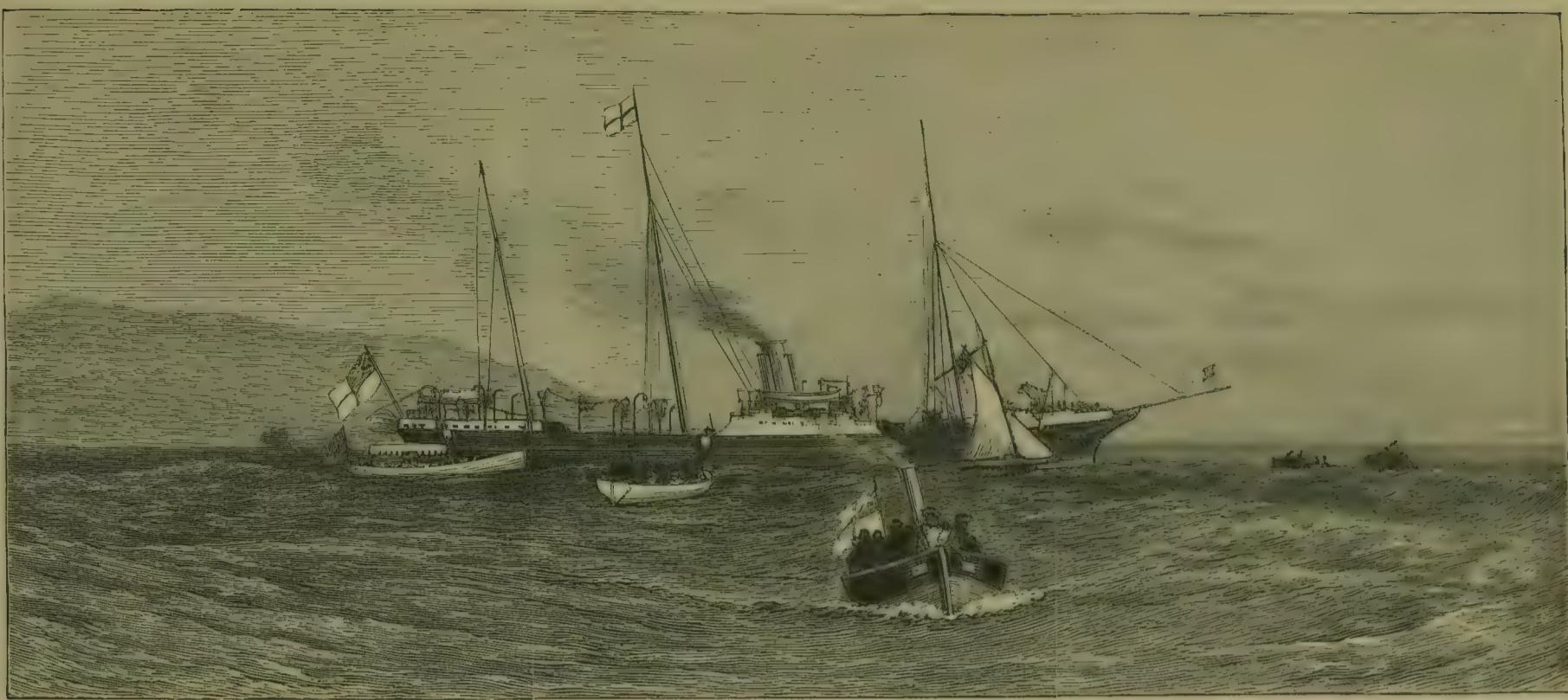
Crown Princess went on board the ship. She is seen returning from this visit in one of our Artist's Sketches.

We have already described San Remo; the old Italian town on the hill, surmounted by the conspicuous church of the Madonna della Costa, the steep and narrow streets, and the lofty terraces overlooking the shores of the beautiful bay; and the modern town below, on the sea-front, which is more conveniently laid out, and which has many attractions for those who seek repose and health, in a mild winter climate, and amidst delightful scenery, on the sunny shores of



THE STATE OF IRELAND: FARMERS STOPPING THE RELOARE HUNT AT THE MARQUIS OF DROGHEDA'S GATE, IN KILDARE.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



LIFE AT SAN REMO: THE CROWN PRINCESS RETURNING FROM VISITING THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON BOARD H.M.S. SMYRNA.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

the Mediterranean. No place along the whole of this coast is better sheltered than San Remo, by the semi-circular range of mountains inclosing it on the north, north-west, and north-east sides; while the lower hills, intersected by valleys with streams flowing direct to the sea, are clothed with thick woods of pine, chestnut, and olive-trees, and lemon or orange groves flourish in some of the valleys. The view of this enchanting scenery, looking inland, from the extremity of the pier, or from a vessel in the bay, is one of the most agreeable on any shore of Southern Europe. From Capo Verde, the eastern promontory, the bay, the town, and the surrounding country are still better seen, with much of the coast to the westward, beyond Bordighera and the French frontier, including Monaco, the light-house of Villafranca, and even the Esterels mountains; while to the south, eighty miles distant over the sea, the snow-clad mountains of Corsica may be discerned in very clear weather, especially at sunrise and sunset. Fogs and sea-mists are unknown at San Remo, and

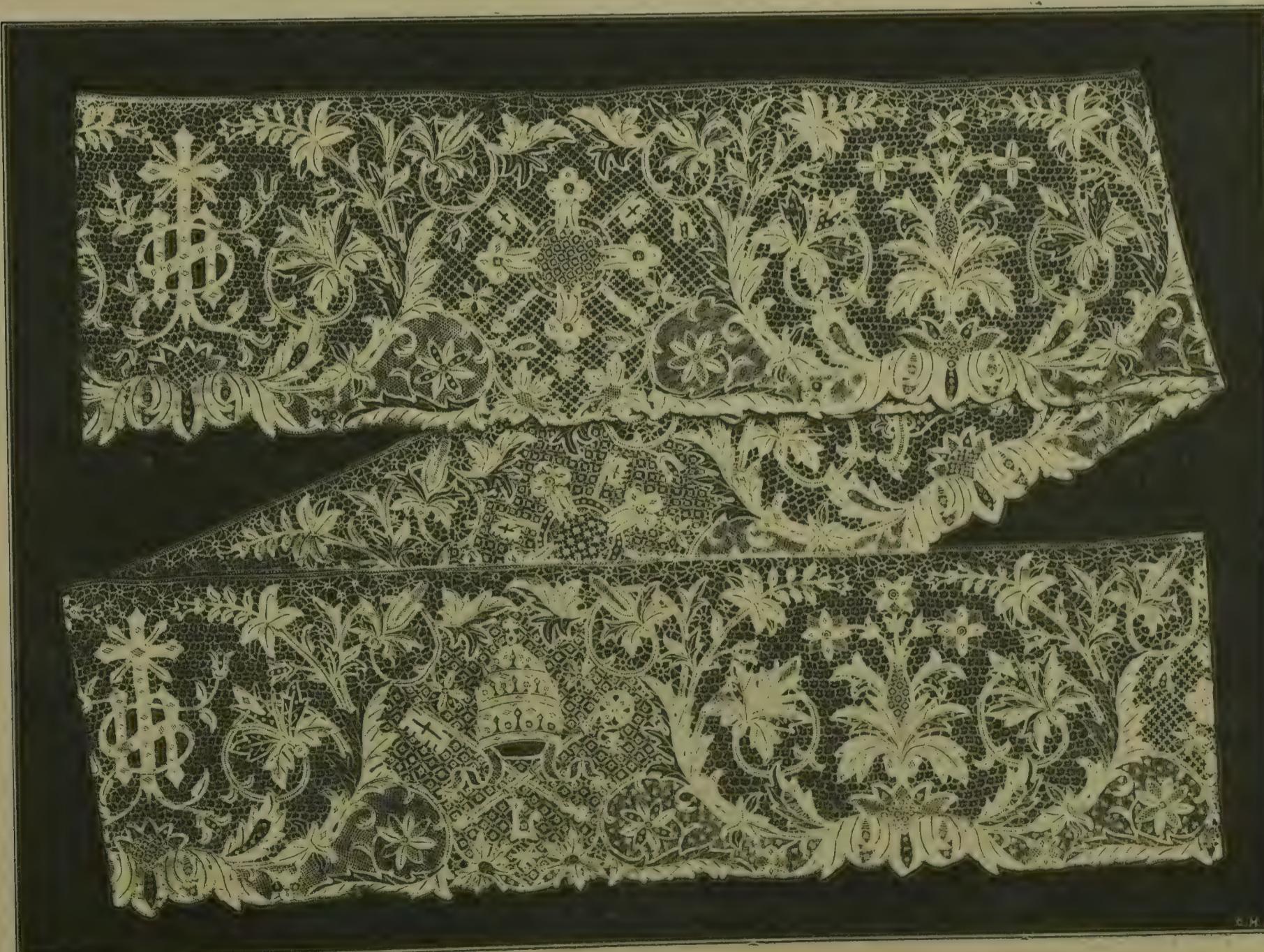
snow or ice is rarely seen in the town, which is securely protected, by its situation, from every cold wind, and enjoys a very even temperature by night and day.

The old town has some historical interest, occupying the site of the ancient Greek colony of Leucothea, and of the Roman Matutia, on the Ligurian coast, the natives of which, a Gaulish race, were subdued by Augustus Cæsar. It was conquered by the Goths and Vandals, and afterwards by the Saracens, who held it nearly a hundred years, but were expelled by the Count of Provence in the latter part of the tenth century. San Remo formed an independent Republic in the thirteenth century, but was sold by its Archbishop to the Doria family of Genoa, and was, at a later period, annexed to the Genoese Republic. It was more than once attacked by the Turks, who were defeated here by Spinola in 1548, and it was the scene of conflicts between the French and Spaniards on the one side, and the Austrians, Piedmontese, and English on the other, in the war of the Spanish succession. In 1797,

the Italian victories of General Buonaparte enabled the French Directory to set up a new Republic of Liguria, of which San Remo formed part. It was afterwards incorporated with the Empire of Napoleon I.; but when he fell, became, with Genoa, a portion of the Kingdom of Sardinia, including Piedmont, Savoy, and Nice; and is now a portion of the Kingdom of Italy.

Our correspondent, writing on Dec. 16, mentions that Sir Morell Mackenzie spoke to him as follows about the Crown Prince of Germany:—"The Prince is considerably better than when I saw him in the early part of November. Although a small growth has formed in the upper part of the throat, it is very small, and the growth first observed at the end of October has diminished since then. The present growth has a more favourable appearance than the one last seen."

It is expected at San Remo that Queen Victoria will visit her daughter and the Crown Prince of Germany there in February.



TRIMMING FOR A ROCHET OF NEEDLEPOINT LACE, MADE BY IRISH PEASANT WOMEN FOR THE POPE.

GIFT OF IRISH LACE TO THE POPE.

For more than three hundred years conventual communities have identified themselves with the making of laces. From the seventeenth century, at least, the celebrity of Italian, Flemish, and French laces was chiefly due to the patience and zeal of nuns in maintaining the traditions of the art, and in fostering its practice as a domestic industry amongst peasant women. In parts of Ireland, where convents are establishments of comparatively recent date, lace-making is carried on with considerable success; and at one time it was a highly remunerative employment for the wives and daughters of fishermen and agricultural labourers. Latterly various causes have brought about a depreciation in the value of this labour of women. Amongst those causes was the inferiority of the patterns of ornament used by the lace-workers. This condition was conclusively brought home to the convents some four years ago, with the result that many have since adopted, within their precincts, means by which the specially-gifted of their inmates should study the art of designing patterns for lace. The system has spread, and upwards of eight of the leading lace-making convents in the counties of Kerry, Cork, and Waterford have connected themselves with the local schools of art, and have qualified themselves to receive grants and assistance from the Department of Science and Art. This action on the part of the convents was early this year considered by the Government to have become of sufficient importance in giving new life to Irish lace-making and improving its prospects for an inspector of lace-making to be appointed. The Lord Lieutenant accordingly nominated Mrs. Power Lalor; and the Irish Catholic hierarchy determined that their offering

to the Pope, upon the occasion of his Jubilee, should consist of a set of ecclesiastical laces. The patterns were drawn by a nun, at the Convent of Poor Clares, Kenmare, county Kerry. The making of the lace from them has been done by peasant lace-workers, under the supervision of the Presentation Convent at Youghal, Cork. The laces are wholly of needlework, and, as may be seen, there is a variety of dainty ornaments, well schemed and effectively contrasted, which have called into play very delicate workmanship.

The Duke of Westminster has presented the Countess of Dufferin's Jubilee Fund for the Supply of Female Medical Aid to the Women of India with £200.

The crockery used in the refreshment-rooms at the Liverpool Exhibition has been presented by Messrs. Spiers and Pond, the contractors, to various charitable institutions in that city.

Lady Rosebery, on Dec. 21, distributed the prizes gained at the Female School of Art in Bloomsbury, and, on her behalf, Prebendary Whittington said she would like to see similar schools spread over the whole country.

The Duchess of Westminster, on Dec. 21, distributed the prizes to the Chester Rifle and Artillery Volunteers. Responding to a vote of thanks, the Duke of Westminster, referring to the danger to the residential property adjoining Wimbledon, about which much had been said of late, observed that it would be well if the country would make up its mind to give what they considered a comparatively small sum towards the purchase of the land, so that the Wimbledon Meeting should be permanently established where it was now held.

DEATH.

On Dec. 15, at 48, Warrior-square, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Henrietta, the dearly loved third daughter of the late Rev. William Smith, M.A., Vicar of East Tuddenham and Honingham, Norfolk, aged 47 years.

The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

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OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

A New Case, handsomely blocked in gold and black, has been prepared, and may be had, price Half-a-Crown, from all Booksellers and Newsagents; or from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand.

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FOR FULL particulars see Time Books or Han Bells, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Offices, 24, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square. (By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. GREAT AND UNMISTAKABLE SUCCESS OF THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW AND MAMMOTH HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT. Pronounced by the whole of the leading daily and weekly papers.

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JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return"; 2. "On the Mountains"; 3. "The Martyr"—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anne Domini," "Zenobia at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 188, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

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THE STATE OF IRELAND.

The tenant farmers in some parts of Ireland have adopted the practice of interfering with the landlords' amusement of fox-hunting. What would Charles Lever have said to this? and what will be the loss to many of the farmers and others, all over the country, if the famous breed of Irish hunters, of which it was said that they could spring over a six-foot stone wall, straight up and down, with the agility of a cat, is to be no longer encouraged? On Friday, Dec. 9, in Kildare, there was to be a meet of the Reloare Foxhounds at the Marquis of Drogheda's gate, near Monasterevan, but a crowd of about a thousand farmers gathered, and, intercepting the foxes and hounds, compelled the gentlemen who had assembled to forego the day's sport. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Marquis of Londonderry, has declined to join the Meath Hunt this season, on account of the hostility of the peasantry to the once favourite Irish sport. In several other districts, foxhounds have been shot, or poison has been laid for them in the fields.

Princess Christian assisted, on Dec. 21, at the concert given by the Windsor and Eton Amateur Madrigal and Orchestral Societies at the Slough Public Hall and Leopold Institute, the entertainment being in aid of the building and furnishing fund.

Mr. F. Hudson, of St. Boniface-road, Ventnor, gathered recently from his garden fully a gallon of green peas of excellent growth. The peas were grown entirely in the open air, without any protection, and this is the sixth lot gathered since the commencement of November.

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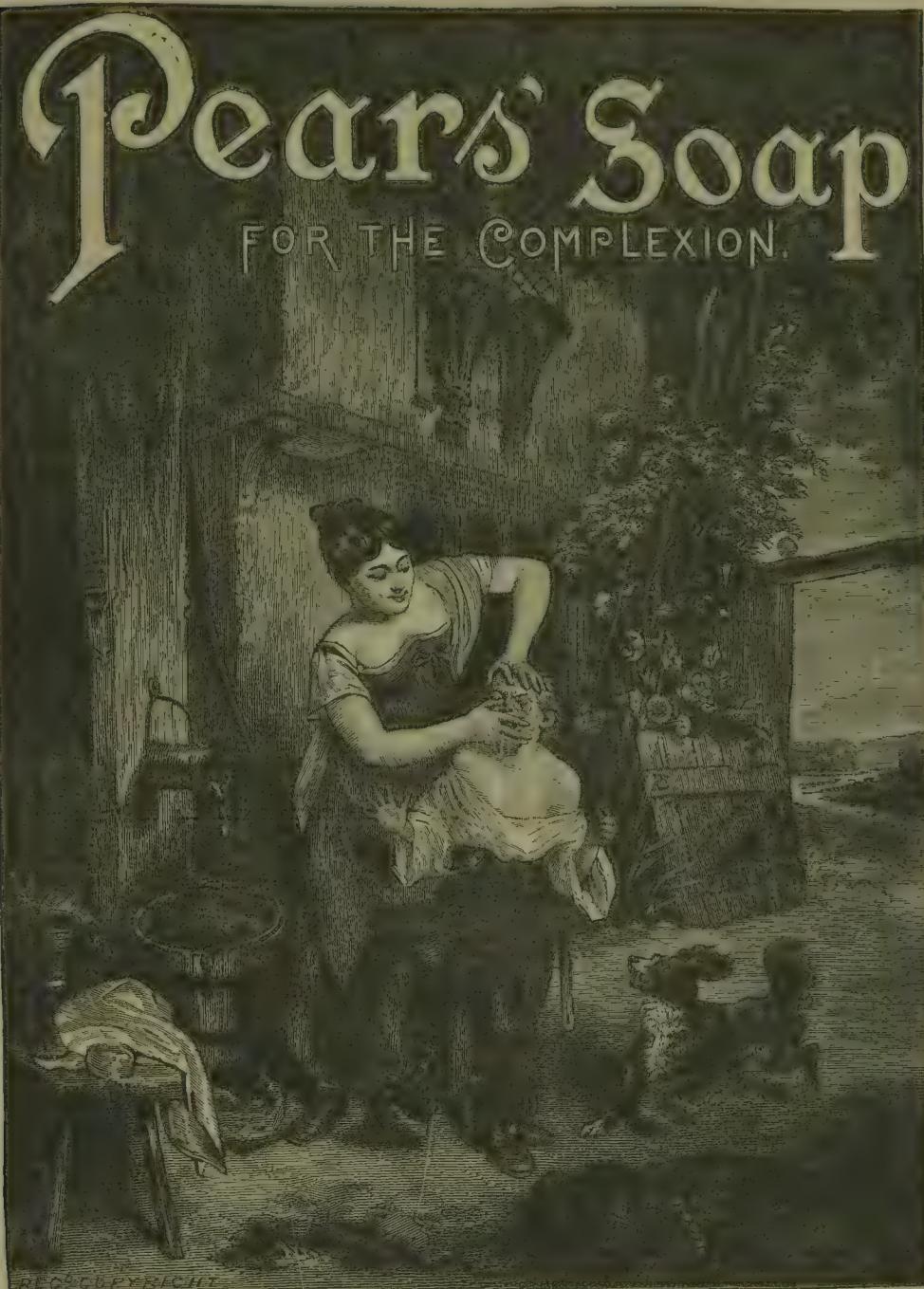
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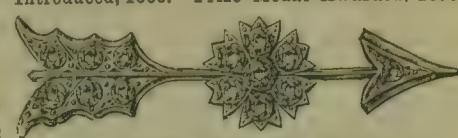
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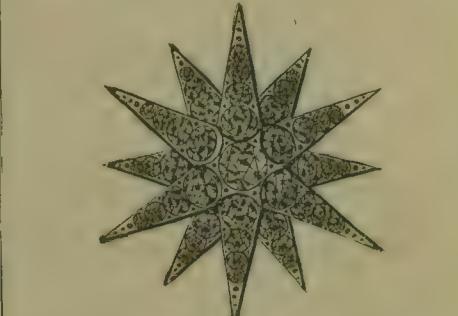
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DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE.

"Will you let go?" screamed Jeremiah. "No," said Tom, through his clenched teeth, "not till I'm dead! And then I won't!"

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIF," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &c.

CHAPTER LV.

CHIEFLY CONCERNING FANNY.

Of all Phoebe's friends and well-wishers there was only one who did not openly share in the joy occasioned by her release. Congratulations poured in from all sides, even from strangers at a distance, whose letters of sympathy were delivered by smiling postmen at Aunt Leth's house at least half-a-dozen times a day. Phoebe's escape from her dread peril was, indeed, universally hailed with thankfulness and gratitude. Everybody was glad; the newspapers found in it a fruitful theme for grave disquisition, and Phoebe became a heroine in the best and sweetest sense of the term. As for Uncle Leth's day-dreams as he walked to his bank in the morning and home from his day's labours in the evening, imagination could not excel them in delightfulness. Sunshine reigned in his home and in the hearts of all he loved.

The one friend who held aloof was Tom Barley. No person was more profoundly grateful than he at the proclamation of Phoebe's innocence; but he has contracted a horror of himself as being the principal cause of his dear young mistress's sufferings. All appeals to him to soften this hard judgment were vain; he would scarcely listen to them, and when, against his will, he was compelled to do so, they had no effect upon him.

"It aint a bit of good speaking to me," he said moodily; "I don't deserve to live. And I shouldn't care to but for one thing."

That one thing was a fierce burning desire to bring Jeremiah Pamflett and his mother to justice. For, strange to say, the all the vigilance of the police had proved fruitless: the wretches were still at liberty, and not the slightest clue to

their hiding-place had been discovered. A month had passed since Phoebe's release, and they had successfully evaded pursuit. It was believed by some that they had escaped from the country; but Tom Barley held a different opinion. He was still in the force—a capable, faithful, public servant, zealous and judicious in the performance of his duties, and regarded with esteem by his superiors; but a blight had fallen upon his life—a blight which he felt would not be removed until, through him, and through him alone, justice was satisfied. This idea grew into a kind of disease in him. It seemed as if he could exist without sleep. When not on duty he was indefatigable in hunting up clues, in making secret inquiries, in keeping watch in out-of-the-way places for the monsters of iniquity at whose door a double murder lay. He took no person into his confidence; he would accept no assistance; and he devoted every spare minute to the design upon which he had set his heart. His friends did not relinquish their efforts to woo him to a more peaceful and better frame of mind. Accompanied by Fred Cornwall, Phoebe went to him, and begged him not to torment himself with self-reproach. He listened to her in silence, with head bent down.

"Will you not speak to me, Tom?" she asked imploringly.

"What can I say?" was his humble response. "How can I hope that you will ever forgive me?"

"But there is nothing to forgive, Tom," she said sweetly, holding out her hand.

"It is like you to say so," he replied, "and it makes it all the worse for me."

"I never knew you to be unkind to me before, Tom," she said.

He turned away from her, and would not accept her hand.

Fred Cornwall followed him, and said—

"You should not make her suffer, Tom; you are inflicting great pain upon the sweetest lady in the world."

"She is that, Sir," said Tom, "and more. If I could die at her feet to save her a minute's pain I'd be glad to do it.

Look here, Sir: when I bring two devils to justice I'll ask her to forgive me; but not till then."

Melia-Jane tried her arts upon him, and even waylaid him one night in a quiet corner, with a pack of cards in her hands, with which she begged to be allowed to tell his fortune; but he was adamant. Nevertheless, his friends would not desert him.

"He is too good a fellow to be lost sight of," said Fred Cornwall; "we'll win him back to us yet."

There was a bright future before Fred and his dear girl.

Miser Farebrother had died without a will, and Phoebe came into possession of the property he left behind him. Investigation proved that it had been tampered with by Jeremiah Pamflett, but a competence was saved from the wreck. The greatest happiness Phoebe derived from this was that it enabled her to assist Aunt and Uncle Leth out of their difficulties. Happy were the evenings spent in the old home in Camden Town. Affairs were prospering with Fred Cornwall in the exercise of his profession. Events had brought his name into prominence, and briefs were flowing in. In a great measure he had Dick Garden to thank for this better turn in his fortunes. This astute young fellow would not take all the credit to himself of setting justice right; he made it public that it was due equally to his friend Fred, and both of them were on the high road to fame. Fred seldom made his appearance in Aunt Leth's house without Dick, who seemed to find therein some great attraction. The strange and solemn experiences of the last few weeks had made Fanny Lethbridge quieter and less lively than of old: but occasionally flashes of her pleasant, saucy humour peeped out, to the delight of all, and especially to the delight of Dick Garden, who generally contrived to obtain a seat next to her. It was too soon for teasing to commence, else Bob, who was suspected of having a second or third love affair on hand, might have ventured a retaliation upon his sister, and, judging from what was stirring in Fanny's heart, he would assuredly have had the best of it. For the present, however, she was spared; the spirit of tender, grateful love which reigned in the happy

home was too profound even for innocent jest. Doubtless, however, the time would come when the merry equilibrium would be restored.

"Fred," said Dick Garden, as they were walking home one night from the Lethbridges', "when are you and Miss Farebrother going to get married?"

"Not settled yet," replied Fred; "nothing said about it. We must let some nine or ten months pass, I suppose."

"About this time next year, perhaps?"

"Yes; or a little earlier if I can bring it about. Thinking of anything particular, Dick?"

"Yes, old fellow."

"In connection with our wedding?"

"Well—partly."

"With weddings generally, then?"

"Not generally, Fred; specifically. Of course a fellow doesn't know anything yet."

"Of course not," said Fred, smiling. "Shall I guess a name?"

"Try."

"Fanny?"

"Yes, Fanny," said Dick Garden, and then there was a little pause. "Fred, you have known them a long time?"

"I have."

"Good people!"

"The best, the sweetest, the most faithful and devoted. Would the heaven of the world was filled with such!"

"I am with you there. But what I want to ask you is about Miss Lethbridge."

"Fanny. Yes."

"I don't wish you to betray family secrets, old fellow; but she is such a lovely girl!"

"She is."

"With so beautiful a nature, that she could not fail to have attracted—you know what I mean, Fred; I am putting it rather lamely."

"An attachment?"

"Yes; but you put it somewhat coarsely."

"Didn't mean to, Dick. Quite right that you should be sensitive. Attracted?—rather! A dozen at least have sighed for her, and sighed in vain."

"Why?"

"Not the right ones, Dick. If there is one quality above another which distinguishes Fanny it is genuineness. A more genuine girl doesn't breathe. Dick, to be admitted upon terms of intimacy with that family is a privilege!"

"I esteem it such. Not the right ones, Fred? Of course, that must be the reason."

"It is. Where she gives her hand she will give her heart. They go together—both, or none."

"Do you think—that is, have you any sort of idea—that she has met the right one at last?"

"Seriously, Dick? In perfect faith and honour?"

"Seriously, Fred. In perfect faith and honour."

"Dick, old boy," said Fred, earnestly, "I have a sort of idea that she has."

"You are a shrewd fellow, Fred—you have a trick of observation. You know what I mean?"

"I do, Dick."

"Well, then, God bless us all!" Then Dick Garden fastened the top button of his overcoat, and said, "What a beautiful night!"

It was by no means a beautiful night. The month was November; a fog was gathering; a light mist was dissolving, and falling cold and chill; but Dick Garden was glowing from within. As he was buttoning his coat, a man brushed past them, and Fred caught a glimpse of his face.

"A moment, Dick," he said hurriedly, "that is Tom Barley. I must have a word with him."

He hastened after Tom, and accosted him.

"It is you, Tom! Have you any news?"

"None, Sir—that is, none that I can speak of. Don't stop me, please; I haven't a minute to spare." These words came struggling from Tom's lips, and in his anxiety he seemed to be hardly aware of what he was saying.

"Am I mistaken in the idea that you have heard something?" asked Fred.

"No, Sir, you are not mistaken. I am on their track."

"As you have been before, Tom?"

"That's true, Sir," said Tom, with a sigh; "as I have been before."

"Can I assist you?"

"No, Sir, nor anyone. What I do I'll do single-handed." He wrenched himself free. "Good-night, Sir."

"Only another word, Tom. Have you any message for Miss Phœbe? She told me, if I met you, to give you her love."

"Did she, Sir? She is an angel of goodness. Any message, Sir? Yes, this—if I don't live to accomplish what I've set my life upon, if I don't live to ask her forgiveness myself, to think of me kindly sometimes as a man who would gladly have died for her."

He darted away, and was lost in the mist. Fred gazed thoughtfully after him, and then rejoined Garden.

"There goes an honest, suffering man," he said; "thorough to the backbone. He has inflicted a martyrdom upon himself, and is following a will-o'-the-wisp."

But the events of the next few hours were destined to prove that Fred Cornwall was in error.

CHAPTER LVI.

A LIFE-AND-DEATH STRUGGLE.

It was an hour past midnight, and the fog had deepened so that a man could scarcely see a yard before him. On the North Finchley-road it lay particularly thick, and the sky and surrounding space seemed to be blotted out—as they certainly were from two wayfarers who plodded their way slowly onward through the darkness. They were a man and a woman, who, although they were wrapped in gloom, cast apprehensive glances on all sides, and frequently stopped to listen for sounds of footsteps.

"Jeremiah, my love," said the woman, shivering, "why did you insist upon our leaving our nice warm quarters on such a night? It will be the death of me."

"I'll be the death of you," growled the man, "if you call me by my name. Mind that, you old fool!"

"Don't speak to me so hard!" implored the woman; "no one can hear us. The night aint fit for a dog to be out in it."

"That's the reason we're out in it," said Jeremiah, with a curse. "Hold your row, if you don't want me to do you a mischief!"

"Oh!" murmured Mrs. Pamflett—"that you should say such things to me after all I've done for you!"

"After all you've done for me! Yes, you have done for me! If it hadn't been for you dragging at my heels I should have been out of this infernal scrape weeks ago. You're a nice mother, you are! What's the use of such as you, I'd like to know?"

They were so well disguised that it would have been difficult even for those best acquainted with them to identify them; hence Jeremiah's caution to his mother as to being careful

with her speech was not unnecessary. Nevertheless, he presently spoke again, either because he deemed that the darkness by which they were surrounded afforded them sufficient security or because he dreaded the terrors of silence.

"Why did I insist upon our leaving our nice warm quarters? You want me to tell you that, do you?"

"Yes," she whined. "We were safe there—we were safe there!"

"We were not! Had we remained we should have been nabbed by this time, and then what chance would have been left for us? The landlord warned me: he told me we were being hunted down, and that there was danger in our keeping in our hiding-place another night."

"Who has hunted us down?—who, my love?"

"Yah! Keep your love to yourself; I'm sick of it. Who? Ah, I should like to know, and have him here! There'd be no more hunting down for him, I promise!"

"The landlord was frightened; he wanted to get rid of us."

"Frightened? Perhaps he was; but he would not have been in a hurry to get rid of such good customers without good cause. He's had a matter of a hundred pounds already out of me, and he knew I had enough left to go on with a pretty long time yet. But I kept the diamond bracelet from him, with all his cunning. He wormed and wormed, but he never got out of me that I had it safe about me. I was his match there. Let's have a look at it, mother. It does one's heart good. It's the only thing that keeps me up."

He crouched down by the side of a hedge, and drew forth a dark-lantern, which he lighted. Then he rose, and looked about him, projecting the light into dark spaces around to make sure that no person was near. He saw nothing, heard nothing. Down he crouched again, and from an inner pocket pulled out a jewel-case, which he opened.

"Look at them, mother—how they glitter and shine! Ah, you beauties, there's nothing false about you! If we were safe in a foreign country, or in America—I prefer America, mother: looking for us there would be like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay—if we were safe there, with this in our pocket, we could live a long life of pleasure and comfort. I should know how to dispose of the stones one by one, secretly, secretly. It's the land for diamonds. Then I could have my fling."

Neither of the pair saw, or had any suspicion, of the shadow that was creeping through thicker shadows than itself, closer, closer, closer. Neither of them saw, or had any suspicion of, the hand of doom coming nearer, nearer, nearer, to strike terror to their guilty souls.

"Here, take a pull at this, mother," said Jeremiah, handing her a bottle.

"It warms me, it warms me!" murmured Mrs. Pamflett.

"Don't empty the bottle," cried Jeremiah, snatching it from her. "You're as selfish as a cat."

"What did the landlord tell you, Jeremiah, about our being hunted down?"

"There's been a man making inquiries about the lodgers, and offering money to find out things. He didn't know who he was, but it looked suspicious, and we were safer out of the house than in it. Take another look at the beauties, mother, before I put them away."

Closer, closer, closer crept the shadow. Closer, closer, closer came the hand of doom.

"Do you think we shall get safe away?" whispered Mrs. Pamflett, as Jeremiah crouched, gloating over the diamonds.

"Do I think of it?—I'm sure of it! The police have been too long off the scent for them to get on to it again. All we've got to do is to be cunning; cunning!"

"Jeremiah!" screamed Mrs. Pamflett.

The shadow loomed over them, fell upon them, and seized them and the diamond bracelet. In a moment Jeremiah had wrested it back again, and three human beings were engaged in a deadly struggle.

"I arrest you," cried Tom Barley, "for the murder of Miser Farebrother and Maria Bailey!"

The contest was unequal. Strong as Tom Barley was, Jeremiah and his mother had the strength of desperation, and they succeeded in flinging him off. But he fell on them again, and his cries for help rang loud through the night.

"It's you, Tom Barley, is it?" muttered Jeremiah, as the struggle was proceeding. "It's you that's been hunting us down, is it?"

"Yes, it's me," said Tom Barley, getting his mouth free; Mrs. Pamflett was endeavouring to stifle his cries with her hand; "and as God is your Judge you're as good as dead!"

"Hold on to him, mother, a moment," said Jeremiah; "fix your teeth in him. Say your prayers, Tom Barley: it's you that's as good as dead!"

"Ah!" screamed Tom, and he dropped.

Jeremiah had succeeded in plucking a knife from his pocket and, opening it, had plunged it into Tom. He had aimed at the honest fellow's heart, but he had missed, and the knife had gone through the upper part of the right arm, cutting it cruelly to the bone. It was this that had caused Tom to let go his hold upon them. They took advantage of the release, and fled through the darkness. But in a moment Tom was on his feet again, and pursuing them, the blood flowing fast from the wound. He did not feel the pain of it; all that he bemoaned was that his arm was useless and that his voice was growing weak. Before fifty yards were traversed he had seized them again.

"Curse it!" cried Jeremiah, "I have lost my knife."

"That's my luck," muttered Tom, clinging to them. "Help! help!"

They beat him frightfully about the head, and he flung it feebly this way and that in the endeavour to escape the cruel blows; but he did not loose his hold of them again. In the blind and dreadful struggle they stumbled wildly about, and suddenly they fell crashing down over an embankment. And still Tom Barley, feeling now that life was ebbing from him, held desperately on to them, and still his cries floated on the air. To the frightful sounds of this contest another was added the moment they reached the bottom of the embankment. They had fallen upon a railway track, and a train was approaching. Two huge fierce eyes glared luridly in the fog. Tom's voice grew fainter and fainter, but he never relaxed his hold of the murderers.

"Help! help! help! I have caught the murderers! Help! help! help!"

The clatter of the approaching train almost, but not quite drowned his appeals. They fell vaguely upon the ears of the engine-driver, and he instantly slackened steam. But the huge lurid eyes were now very close upon the struggling forms.

"Damn you!" screamed Jeremiah, "will you let go?"

"No," said Tom, through his clenched teeth, "not till I'm dead! And then I won't!"

"Then there's an end of you!" cried Jeremiah, and by a determined and powerful effort he succeeded in throwing the lower portion of Tom's body across the rails. Fortunately Tom's head was off the line, and his left arm was wound tightly round Jeremiah's neck. The train passed over Tom's foot, and cut it clean away, but Tom, although he had swooned,

held on like grim death, and did not even feel Jeremiah's teeth fixed in his arm. In this position they were found a moment or two afterwards, when the train was stopped, and it was with great difficulty that the engine-driver and passengers could part him who lived from him who looked like dead.

The news ran through the length and breadth of the kingdom the next morning, and telegraph-wires flashed it all over the world. Tom Barley did not wake to find himself famous, for the reason that for several weeks he was in delirium, and very, very near to death. But none the less was he made famous and dubbed a hero of heroes for the wondrous battle he had fought. Newspapers and magazines sang his praises, and poets deified him. The days of Homer died not in Homer's verse. We have as glorious heroes to-day as have been handed down, immortalised, from those bygone times. We have heroes as valiant, and souls as noble, and love as sweet and pure, in this age which is dubbed commercial and prosaic; and though Tom Barley has a wooden leg, he is worthy to shake hands with Achilles. No such desire possesses him, or possessed him when he saw Phœbe sitting by his bedside in the hospital.

"You are getting strong again, Tom?"

"Yes, Miss Phœbe; thank God! Is everybody well?"

"Everybody, Tom."

"Your aunt and uncle, and Miss Fanny and Master Robert?"

"They are all well, Tom. They send their love, and will come and see you when they are allowed."

"They are very good. And Mr. Cornwall, Miss Phœbe—he is well, I hope?"

"Quite well, Tom. He is below, waiting for me."

"I am glad to hear it, Miss Phœbe. But perhaps I am making a mistake."

"In what, Tom?"

"In calling you Miss Phœbe."

"No, Tom." She held up her left hand.

"If I dared to ask a favour?"

"You may dare to ask anything, Tom."

"That I may be allowed to come to the wedding?"

"Indeed, Tom, I think that is what we are waiting for. We could not be happy without you."

"I can't thank you now, Miss Phœbe," said Tom, tears gathering in his eyes. "I will when I'm stronger. There is another thing."

"Yes, Tom?"

"Say that you forgive me!"

"Ah! Tom!"

"It will make me happy, Miss Phœbe."

"Only because you have that foolish idea in your head—Tom, I forgive you."

She stooped and kissed him; as she had kissed him on the morning he brought her from Parksides and gave her into the care of her good Aunt Leth.

"I am truly grateful," murmured Tom, in a choking voice, as he turned his face to the wall.

CHAPTER LVII.

OFF FOR THE HONEYMOON.

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting, guest." Therefore shall our last chapter be short.

In the autumn of the following year a quiet wedding-party assembled after church in Aunt Leth's house. To be exact, it was a double wedding-party—Phœbe and Fred, Fanny and Dick. It was a gathering of friends, some of whom have played their parts in this story, and whom, I hope, we have grown to love. The Lethbridge family, of course—I cannot stop to relate the wonderful daydream Uncle Leth had on that morning—and Mr. and Mrs. Linton and Kiss, and Melia-Jane and Tom Barley; those were the principal ones. There were also connections of Fred Cornwall and Dick Garden, all amiable, pleasant persons, if one could judge from their faces. Tom Barley had just whispered something to 'Melia-Jane, and her answer was—

"Lor', Tom; I'm ashamed to think of it!"

"Then you won't?" whispered Tom.

"Yes, I will," replied 'Melia-Jane, very quickly. "It was the way the fortune came out last night. But to think of it, Tom! to think of it!"

SOME WORDS ON ENGLISH PROSE.

The English language, as it is understood by a modern Englishman, may be said to have existed for three centuries. The nation still speaks the tongue that Shakspeare spoke, and the authorised version of the Bible is still the most perfect example we possess of the capabilities of the language as a literary organ. Every variety of composition is to be found in that volume, from the perfect simplicity of historical narrative to the musical and harmonious expression of the loftiest and most poetical aspirations. No man, it has been said, can write bad English whose eye and ear are familiar with the greatest prose work in our literature. It is indeed a well of English undefiled, and instead of giving his days and nights to Addison, as Dr. Johnson suggested, a young author who wants to know the force of the instrument he wields might do well to give his nights to the Bible and his days to Shakspeare.

Perhaps what strikes us most in the literature of the latter half of the sixteenth century, and the whole of the seventeenth, is its variety and its richness. It was the age of great poets, who used the language at their will, as great poets may. In prose the splendour of composition is more conspicuous than its freedom. Hooker is majestic, but he is not simple; Milton, in his prose writings, rises to the loftiest heights, and sinks also to depths which threaten even his reputation and would destroy that of a smaller man. Jeremy Taylor, his contemporary, the most eloquent of English writers, and also one of the most thoughtful, is apt occasionally to lavish his jewels of fancy with the extravagance of an Indian Prince, who displays his fortune on his person.

Moreover, these writers, and several almost equally famous contemporaries, are fettered by the Latin models which, in that early stage of our literature, it was natural they should follow. Men who, like Bacon and Milton, wrote as easily in Latin as in their own tongue, could not readily avoid constructing their sentences to some extent on a Latin model. Yet, as Mark Pattison has said, the condensed force of Bacon's aphoristic wisdom has no parallel in English, and "there is no other prosaist who possesses anything like Milton's command over the resources of our language."

But what I want to point out as remarkable is that the Jacobean translators of the Bible, while breathing the same classical atmosphere as Bacon, Milton, and Sir Thomas Browne, show no indications of having been affected by it in their purely idiomatic version of the Scriptures. Here were a number of men employed in translating a series of books from the Hebrew and Greek, and yet throughout we find the same 'harmony, the same subtle and sensitive ear to the music of language.'

Dryden, who died in the first year of the eighteenth century, deserves especial notice for his prose style, which is remarkable for the modernness of its structure. He was the first, as Mr. Saintsbury has pointed out, to write in a style suited for everyday use, "for the essayist and the pamphleteer, the preacher and the lay orator, the historian and the critic." This is true; and his successor and kinsman, Jonathan Swift, whose mind was essentially unpoetic—though, oddly enough, he figures among the poets—used prose with a force and directness previously unknown in political controversy. His style suited the age and the man: the meaning of every sentence is clear, though his irony—like that of Defoe, another writer of homely, everyday English—was above the comprehension of his readers. As a specimen of racy English, Swift's delightful "Journal to Stella" is a model of prose composition.

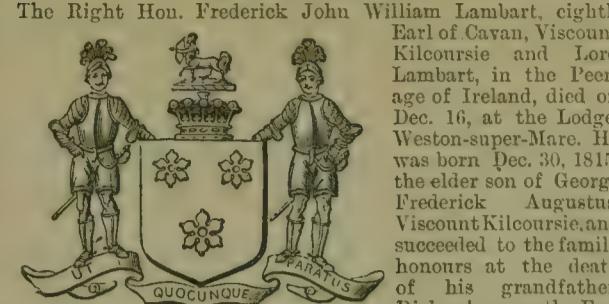
In brief notes such as these, it is possible to touch only on a few points of a great subject; but it would be interesting to discover, if that be possible, whether, in the hundred and forty years that have gone by since the death of Swift, our prose style has, upon the whole, advanced or degenerated. In poetry, as every reader knows, there was at the beginning of this century a creative period so new and strange that, putting Shakspeare aside, it deserves to rank with the great age of Elizabeth. How, at this wonderful revival, did it fare with prose?—and how has it fared since?

I do not think that in mere style, apart from matter, the advance has been striking. Look at the historians. Gibbon's is a fine style with great faults; but, surely, whatever may be the merits of Macaulay, his faults in this direction are more conspicuous; and I suppose that, however slightly we may estimate Hume's historical judgment, it will be generally admitted that as a master of style he is immeasurably superior to Alison or to Grote. One of the most conspicuous historical writers of the last half-century is Thomas Carlyle, who, as it has been truly said, wants the artistic sense of form and rhythm. I think he has a still more conspicuous and unpardonable fault—namely, affectation. In his early days Carlyle wrote good English; the jargon he adopted in after years was, therefore, not natural to him. It was a sham which in another writer he would have denounced ruthlessly. Mr. Hetton, in his admirable essay on Carlyle, considers that he would not have been able to express his convictions in pure English—a statement I do not understand. Were the convictions of this erratic thinker and author so extraordinary that the tongue which has sufficed for all our greatest orators and writers must needs in his case be exchanged for Carlylese? Depend upon it, the style will prove a drag upon Carlyle's fame. Indeed, all literary history teaches us that the affectation, which allures contemporaries by its novelty, has no attraction for later generations. Look at the essayists. Charles Lamb indeed stands alone, incomparable, imitable. But, apart from "Elia," what nineteenth-century essayist is there who for charm of language can compete with Addison and Goldsmith, or even with the finest workmanship of Johnson? Look at the novelists. Well, in this department, I confess, I find the ground less firm; yet, with the exception of Thackeray, an ardent student of Fielding, what rival has the author of "Tom Jones"? Dickens, the greatest of modern humourists, is great in spite of his style. Bulwer Lytton is affected and too fond of fine writing. Charles Reade is grotesque. George Eliot's learning too often makes her style pedantic, especially in "Daniel Deronda." Of the finest novelist these islands have produced I have not spoken. Scott's greatness lies in his creative power, in his humour, in his pathos, in his keen sense of natural beauty, in his wealth of poetical colouring. His style adapts itself to his subjects, and, so far, is a good style; but Sir Walter's greatest admirers will allow that he wrote too hastily, and that his composition is sometimes slovenly.

Much might be said, if there were space to say it, of the injury done to the language in these days by carolers, although capable writers; and especially of the odious habit of introducing French phrases at every opportunity. Why on earth should a procession be a *cortège*, a wedding-breakfast a *déjeuner*, and the bride's clothes described as *lingerie*? Why, instead of wreck, do the newspapers use the word *débris*? and why must a morning performance in theatre or concert-room be a *matinée*? As for the slang terms used by young ladies who are supposed to have learned English at school, the less said, perhaps, the better. They do but imitate the fashion and the folly which Lord Chesterfield admirably satirised in the last century.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF CAVAN.



The Right Hon. Frederick John William Lambart, eighth Earl of Cavan, Viscount Kilcoursie and Lord Lambart, in the Peerage of Ireland, died on Dec. 16, at the Lodge, Weston-super-Mare. He was born Dec. 30, 1815, the elder son of George Frederick Augustus, Viscount Kilcoursie, and succeeded to the family honours at the death of his grandfather, Richard, seventh Earl of Cavan, Nov. 21, 1837. He was educated at Eton, held at one time a commission in the 7th Dragoon Guards, and was, from 1862 to 1868 Lieutenant-Colonel, Somerset Militia. Of the county of Somerset he was a J.P. and D.L. His Lordship married, July 24, 1838 Caroline, Augusta, third daughter of Edward John, first Lord Hatheron, and leaves issue. The eldest son and heir, Frederick Edward Gould, Viscount Kilcoursie, M.P. for South Somerset, born Oct. 21, 1839, now ninth Earl of Cavan, was formerly a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and served throughout the siege of Sebastopol, and at the bombardment of Canton. He married, 1863, Mary Snaide, only child of the Rev. John Olive, M.A., and has three sons and two daughters.

SIR ST. GEORGE R. GORE, BART.

Sir St. George Ralph Gore, ninth Baronet of Manor Gore, in the county of Donegal, died, at Dunrobin, Brisbane, Queensland, on Oct. 17. He was born Sept. 21, 1841, the eldest son of the late Mr. St. George Richard Gore, of Lyndhurst, Queensland, and succeeded to the title Dec. 31, 1878, at the decease of his cousin, Sir St. George Gore, eighth Baronet. He married, April 6, 1876, Eugenia Marion, daughter of the Hon. Eyles Irwin Caulfeild Browne, M.L.C., Queensland, and leaves issue. The eldest son and heir, now tenth Baronet, is Sir Ralph St. George Claude Gore, born May 12, 1877. The Gores of Manor Gore, which the deceased Baronet represented, was the senior line of the noble Houses of Arran and Harlech.

SIR F. W. GRANT, BART.

Sir Francis William Grant, eighth Baronet, of Monymusk, in the county of Aberdeen, J.P., died on Dec. 13. He was born Feb. 10, 1828, the second son of the late Mr. Robert Grant, of Tillyfour, Convener of Aberdeenshire, by Charlotte, his wife, youngest daughter of Sir William Walter Yea, Bart., of Pyrland, and succeeded to the title at the decease of his brother, Sir Archibald, in 1884. He was educated at Eton, and was formerly Captain in the 16th Lancers. He married, last year, Laura, fourth daughter of Mr. John Fraser, of Bunchrew, in the county of Inverness. The Baronetcy of Monymusk was conferred, in 1705, on Francis Grant, a distinguished lawyer, one of the Senators of the College of Justice in Scotland, under the title of Lord Cullen.

SIR GEORGE BURROWS, BART.

Sir George Burrows, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D., Physician-in-Ordinary to the Queen, died at 18, Cavendish-square, on Dec. 12. He was born Nov. 28, 1801, the eldest son of the late George Mann Burrows, M.D., and received his education at Caius College, Cambridge, where he graduated Tenth Wrangler in 1825. For thirty years he held the offices of Physician and Lecturer at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and on retiring, in 1863, was appointed Consulting Physician. In 1864, he became President of the General Medical Council of Education, and was for five years President of the College of Physicians; he was likewise a Member of the Senate of the University of London. In 1874, "in consideration of the eminent services he had rendered to his great profession," a Baronetcy was conferred on him. Sir George married, Sept. 18, 1834, Elinor, youngest daughter of the celebrated surgeon John Abernethy, F.R.S., and leaves two sons and one daughter, the elder of the former, now Sir Frederic Abernethy Burrows, second Baronet, was born Dec. 30, 1846, and married, April 10, 1883, his cousin, Constance Fanny, daughter of the Rev. Henry Nicholson Burrows, of Shirley House, Hants. A Portrait of Sir George Burrows was given last week.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir Bryan Robinson, for many years Judge of the Supreme Court of Newfoundland, on Dec. 6, in his eightieth year.

Mr. George Edward Frere, of Roydon Hall, Diss, Norfolk, on Dec. 3, in his eighty-first year.

Major-General Robert Havard Price Dent, late Bengal Staff Corps, J.P., on Dec. 5, at the Manor House, Hallaton, Leicestershire, in his sixty-first year.

Mr. Head Pottinger Best, one of the oldest of the Berkshire Magistrates, and a Deputy Lieutenant for the county, on Dec. 14, aged seventy-nine years.

Dr. Arthur Farre, on Dec. 17, at Westminster, in his seventy-seventh year. He was Professor of Obstetric Medicine, Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, Physician Accoucheur to the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and Princess Christian.

Admiral F. Byng Montresor, aged seventy-seven years. The deceased officer, who was the last surviving son of the late General Sir F. G. Montresor, entered the Royal Navy in 1821, became Captain in 1850, Rear-Admiral in 1866, Vice-Admiral in 1873, and Admiral in 1878, and he was placed on the retired list in 1880.

Professor Balfour Stewart, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., aged fifty-nine. In 1859 he was appointed to the directorship of the Kew Observatory, and in 1867 to the secretaryship of the Meteorological Committee, which last appointment he resigned on his promotion to the Professor's chair of Natural Philosophy in Owen's College, Manchester, in the year 1870, a post which he held until his death.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. A. Smail, of the Gordon Highlanders, aged forty-seven. He entered the Army in 1863, and served in the Soudan Expedition of 1884 with the first battalion Gordon Highlanders, receiving a medal, with clasp, and the Khedive's star. Lieutenant-Colonel Smail also served in the Nile Expedition of 1884-5, and with the river column, under Major-General Earle.

J. D.

UNEMPLOYMENT.

Many matters of the day—I will go so far as to say all matters of real interest—are discussed, thoughtfully and with imagination, if not in pedantic or exhaustive form, at the Fancy Club: an institution with which I cannot presume the cultured reader to be unacquainted.

Naturally, then, the topic of the time has been brought forward more than once or twice—the state of the class now called "The Unemployed," and the remedies which have been proposed for their distresses.

And, first, a member protested, energetically and at length, against the common assumption that the final doom of the unemployed—starvation—is, as a general rule, a just one; that the considerable number of Britons who die of sheer hunger every year are (for the most part) those fitted to do least good or most harm to the community. "They are in great part," he said, "hardworking women; children who—with but a reasonable supply of bread and cheese—would grow up into workers of average capacity; and men whose somewhat inferior powers are balanced by an honesty above the average."

Another gave examples of famous men who had starved. As long ago as the days of Elizabeth, when England was surely not over-populated, a famous statesman, a public servant who had done much good work for his country, and one of the greatest poets of all time, died of sheer want of bread: this was Edmund Spenser. Such an example does infinite harm, in discouraging that work which adds to the wealth or welfare of the community, in favour of that which merely transfers someone else's property to oneself. Indeed, it is notoriously not the worst class which starves—the criminals, the burglars, the thieves—any more than it is the best which is furthest from starvation, or makes most money. (And it will be allowed that it has in all probability never happened that the richest man in England has been also the one who has done most good to his country or to mankind.)

These facts were admitted, but were not considered to make matters much clearer. The question of the day is hardly so much whether the unemployed deserve their Unemployment, as what is to be done to remove it, to relieve them, or to protect the Employed from their (perhaps not unnatural) resentment at an unvarying prospect of starvation.

It was objected that one could not resort to the alternative of constant and indiscriminate charity, as in Spain; where there is an enormous class of professional beggars, where everyone who begs is, as a matter of course, relieved, and where (as a Spaniard told us) such a thing as 'death from hunger is unknown.'

"The beggars are bad," said a member who is reported to sustain a whole army of indigent cousins; "but the absence of starvation, if a fact, is worth considering. Of course it is easier not to starve in a warm country than in a cold one; but, as things are, I believe Englishmen would starve in any climate."

Against this we protested; but he stood to it. "Move the Great Britain of to-day to the geographical position of Spain, and starving London may be reduced, but will by no means be abolished. Look at New York!"

"Beggars are bad," said another; "but there is a set-off in Spain: they have nothing like our professional criminal class. Change our London 'roughs' for the *lazzaroni* of Madrid, and we should save in money and gain in morals."

A Manchester man—an old Free-Trader, and a member of the Charity Organisation Society—said that this might be very true (though he evidently did not believe a word of it); but that it was not practical. Advanced England would never go back to the indiscriminate almsgiving of Catholic Spain. He said that there was only one remedy for "Unemployment"—if that was the word—and his remedy was emigration.

He was contradicted, not in terms but in spirit, by one who said that emigration might possibly be the only remedy, but that it was an extremely bad one. "Emigration is the removal of producers and the retention of non-producers," said he, concisely; and then announced his own remedy—though he admitted that it was only partial.

This was transportation; but not the old transportation, with its forced labour and its practical slavery. Here is his plan, roughly sketched out in conversation:—

There are vast tracts of country, belonging to the United Kingdom, which are still practically uninhabited; take, merely as an example, Western Australia, with nearly a million of square miles, a healthy climate, and (in 1881) thirty thousand inhabitants, or less than one person to every thirty square miles; indeed, in four-fifths of this vast country there are no inhabitants at all, as all the thirty thousand live in the remaining fifth. It should thus be long before there were residents to complain of the forcing upon them of convicts.

But convicts would be the people transported. Let every crime—as theft, burglary, embezzlement—be punishable, not with imprisonment, at the cost of the nation, but with transportation, to its advantage. Let the minimum sentence be two years, during which the offender should be perfectly free to do anything except leave the colony, and should be provided with employment (if he needed it) upon works undertaken by the Government to exploit the advantages of the country. A reward for good conduct might be the free conveyance of his family to the colony after a year or so, and the grant of a number of acres of land.

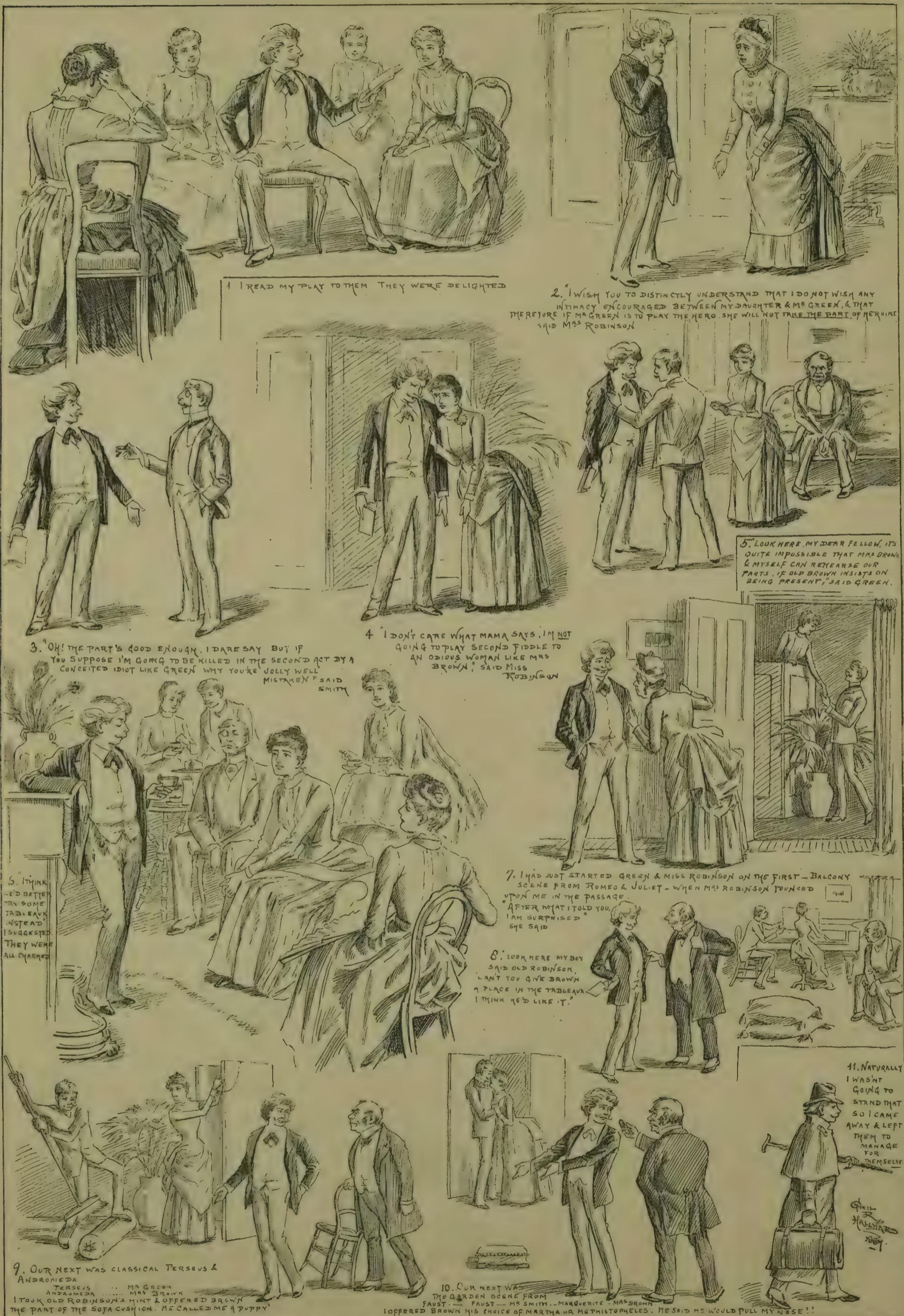
England would rapidly lose its dangerous classes, and the expense of keeping them (and of keeping them down) being saved, might surely go to find employment for the unemployed: who could be given, among other things, the labour which convicts now perform. There has been grumbling enough at the "competition of criminal labour."

If it were objected that the transported criminals would be much better off—in a healthy climate, with work found for a couple of years, and plenty of elbow-room—than the honest poor in crowded London: there was the obvious answer that the money saved in prisons and police would surely give as many as wished to emigrate a free passage and a grant of land on the other side—not necessarily in the convict settlement.

And, as at Botany Bay, the convict settlement would soon become a respectable settlement—much sooner than at Botany Bay, indeed, because it would consist of free men earning their own living; and, in this great empty world, the transportation to any one place need not continue for any very long period of time.

To save the degradation of prison life, to force lazy ruffians to honest work, to give a fair chance in a new world to many who have not had a fair chance in the old, to send away from our country only those strong arms which have dishonest hands at their ends, and to keep the separation from the old home and the old friends as a punishment for those who deserve punishing—these are perhaps advantages which may secure a hearing for a new scheme, from those who think that some scheme is surely needed to prevent an uprising of "the masses" against "the classes" such as has not been seen in our generation—such, perhaps, as the world has not known since the wild days of 1789.

E R





THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.
DRAWN BY MARGELLA WALKER.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Chappell and Co. have just issued their Christmas number of new and popular dance music—being the 131st part of their shilling musical magazine. The contents are of a varied nature, comprising waltzes, polkas, and quadrilles, and including pieces bearing the well-known names of P. Bucalossi, D. Godfrey, and others. One set of waltzes, "Night and Morn" (by the first-named composer), is associated with verses for vocal performance. A separate violin part is provided for optional accompaniment to all the dance pieces referred to. Other bright dance music is provided by Messrs. Chappell and Co., suitable for the festive period of the year. The polkas entitled "Knave of Clubs," by P. Bucalossi, and "Punchinello," by A. H. Menefy, are spirited pieces with the strongly-marked rhythm of the characteristic dance indicated by the title. Two waltzes—"Merlino," by D. Godfrey, jun., and "Pleasure," by F. Laughlin—are flowing and melodious, and have the true swing of the waltz tempo. Recent additions to Messrs. Chappell and Co.'s vocal publications include the following:—"Ever" is a song by Sir Arthur Sullivan, charming in its melody, which is enhanced by an artistic accompaniment comprising some rich harmonic treatment. "I said to my love," by Alfred Cellier, has much genuine, unaffected sentiment expressed in a smooth melody of especially vocal character. It is suitable for almost any range of voice; but would perhaps be particularly effective when rendered by a sympathetic mezzo-soprano or contralto. "Shall we forget?" and "Adieu, my dear," are songs by F. P. Tosti, both in the sentimental style, the melodies of each, simple as they are, being devoid of commonplace and well suited for vocal effect and available for a moderate compass of voice. Mr. I. De Lara's song, "Sweet Time of May," is bright in its melody, with perhaps a little excess of reiterated notes. "Old Waryfoot," song by L. Kellie, has a certain rustic and demonstrative character, in accordance with the homely nature of the text. "Earth and Heaven" is the title of a setting, by H. W. Little, of some very expressive lines by Mr. E. Oxenford. The serious, even solemn, nature of the text is well reflected in the music, which is of an impressive, hymn-like character, the prevailing minor key being well relieved by a transition to the major, and a somewhat triumphal close in that mood. An obbligato organ or harmonium part, in reinforcement of the pianoforte accompaniment, enhances the general effect. Messrs. Chappell and Co. also publish a fantasia for the pianoforte by Mr. W. Kuhe, based on prominent themes from Mr. Cellier's successful comedy-opera "Dorothy." The subjects chosen are very effectively treated, with some elaborate ornamentation and florid passages, none of which are of more than moderate difficulty. It makes a very good show-piece, in which a tolerably good pianist may appear to advantage.

Messrs. Boosey and Co.'s recent issues of vocal music include Dr. Mackenzie's characteristic song, an "Ould Irish Wheel," which has lately been sung with signal success by Mr. Santley. From the same source we have "Is it for Me?" a pleasing song, by Joseph Barnby, in which there is much refined sentiment expressed in a flowing melody alternating between the minor and major keys, and supported by a well-written accompaniment. "When the Boys Come Home" is from the same publishers. It is a song (by Frances Allitsen) with a bold and spirited melody of a striking martial character. "The Cavendish Music-Books," published by Messrs. Boosey and Co., are among the many marvels of cheapness of the present day, the sterling value of the contents being in inverse ratio to the smallness of the cost. Classical and popular music, vocal and instrumental, is comprised in the series, which now extends to over a hundred numbers. Among recent issues is a set of "oratorio gems"; sixteen sacred songs, chiefly from Handel's works; a selection of "songs of the day," by celebrated composers of the present time: a "juvenile duet album," containing popular ballads and original pieces arranged as easy pianoforte duets by W. Smallwood; and the principal airs from Wallace's most popular opera, "Maritana," arranged for the pianoforte solo. Another, and still cheaper, series is that of "The Diamond Music-Books," one of the recent issues of which contains the principal songs and other vocal pieces from the opera just named, for voice with pianoforte accompaniment. A previous number of the same work comprises fifty Christmas carols, ancient and modern. Messrs. Boosey and Co. have also recently published some pleasing vocal pieces. "Drifting Down the River," a song by J. L. Molloy, has a flowing and graceful melody, which is supported by a well-written pianoforte accompaniment, with varied harmonic treatment. "Glide to Thy Rest" is a duet for soprano and baritone, the words and the music both by Hamilton Aidé. The verses are replete with unaffected sentiment, which is sympathetically expressed in the music, the two voices being effectively used in association and alternation. "Happy-go-Lucky" is a song by Louis Diehl, in which some quaint lines are associated with a lively and piquant vocal melody, with alternate use of the major and minor key. Messrs. Boosey and Co. have also brought out a new and revised edition of Handel's "Messiah," in vocal score, with pianoforte or organ accompaniment, arranged by the late Dr. John Clarke. The volume is neatly engraved and printed on good paper, in quarto size, at the price of eighteenpence. From the same firm we have some pianoforte pieces by the juvenile pianist, Josef Hofmann, by whom they have been performed at his recent recitals in this country. "Valse in A flat" is a graceful and spirited movement, in which the dance rhythm is well sustained. "Les Larmes" is in the sentimental style, in the manner of a nocturne, a suave melody, being

surrounded by florid embellishments. "Barcarolla" is a characteristic piece, in which the style of the Venetian boat-song is pleasingly reflected. These pieces give promise of a future career for Josef Hofmann as a composer equal in importance to that which he is now pursuing as a pianist.

"Prince Bismarck" is the title of a spirited march in the heroic style for the pianoforte, composed by Lloyd Edwards. A trio, in the conventional sub-dominant key, affords a good contrast to the march itself, which concludes with an effective coda. It is published by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co. The title-page contains a good portrait of Prince Bismarck, reproduced from the *Illustrated London News*.

Messrs. Weekes and Co.'s recent publications include several works for the organ. Three pieces for that instrument, by E. Cuthbert Nunn, consist of an "Andante con moto," a "Gavotte," and a "Romance." The first is flowing and melodious, with well-varied florid treatment, and good contrasts in the use of the different stops. No. 2 is a piece in the quaint old dance form, with the intervening "musette" usually associated therewith. The last of the series is a graceful piece, pervaded by a melody of vocal character, with incidental passages of a more florid kind. Chopin's second pianoforte "Nocturne" (in G minor) has been well arranged for the organ by Mr. E. Silas. The serious tone of the music renders it well suited for such adaptation, which contributes a welcome addition to the organist's repertoire. Another similar transference is the arrangement, by W. G. Wood, of Henselt's charming "Liebeslied," the beautiful cantabile melody of which is well suited for the sustaining tones of the "king of instruments." Mr. D. R. Munro's "Meditation," for the organ, presents an agreeable melodic theme in the inner part, surrounded by fanciful passages for the right hand. Messrs. Weekes and Co. have also published—among other pieces—a gavotte (No. 8) for the pianoforte by E. Silas, who has reflected, in very pleasing style, the marked rhythm of this once fashionable, now obsolete, dance form. "Romance for the Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment," by Oliver Cramer, will be welcome to amateurs, being effective without being difficult. Messrs. Weekes and Co. are continuing their series of "Favourite Melodies for Violin and Pianoforte," arranged by Frederic Weekes. The contents comprise pieces by composers of past and present times, and are in various styles, expressive and brilliant, suited to all tastes. The arrangements are well made, and will be of wide interest in amateur circles.

"The Holy Vision," by M. Gounod, is a sacred song in which solemnity is expressed without dullness or monotony, the commencement in the minor key being relieved by a transition to the major, and the accompaniment being varied with that artistic touch that the composer impresses in even his slightest productions. It is a charming specimen of the serious style. Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. are the publishers.

Pitman's *Musical Monthly* (a shilling serial) has reached its fourth volume, which contains an extensive collection of vocal and instrumental music, comprising songs, duets, rounds, and part-songs; pieces for pianoforte, harmonium, violin, concertina, and banjo, and duets for violin and piano, and violoncello and piano. The same publisher issues "Pitman's Dance-Album," forming the seventy-fifth number of the Sixpenny Musical Library. It contains a collection of dance pieces in the various forms of waltz, polka, quadrille, schottische, mazurka, and galop, all well suited for their purpose.

"Six Romances" for the pianoforte, by G. A. Macfarren, are graceful compositions by the recently deceased Principal of the Royal Academy of Music and Professor at Cambridge University. The movements are respectively entitled: "Consolation," "Greeting," "Spring Morning," "Lullaby," "Welcome," and "Cradle-Song." No. 1 is a graceful "andante" in expressive style; No. 2 ("allegretto grazioso") is of somewhat more cheerful character, in accordance with its title; No. 3 ("vivace") is bright and animated, and suggestive of gladness at the recurrence of the genial season; No. 4 ("allegretto tranquillo") is soothing, in the true style of a slumber song; No. 5 ("con moto") has a genuine tone of cordiality; and No. 6 ("dolce cantabile") is a gentle piece of melody, harmonised with appropriate simplicity. Copious directions for fingering add to the value of the pieces for teaching purposes. Mr. Edwin Ashdown is the publisher.

"The Syrens of the Sea" is the title of a song for soprano solo, with female chorus and orchestral accompaniment. The fanciful text by Walter Parke is allied to music composed by Florian Pascal who has produced a pleasing piece, full of graceful melody, for the solo voice, which is interspersed with graceful strains in choral harmony, in combination with varied and florid details in the instrumental accompaniment. Mr. Joseph Williams is the publisher, as also of some brilliant and effective (although not difficult) pianoforte pieces by Benjamin Godard—a series of movements under the general title of "Scènes Poétiques," each number having a characteristic heading, which is well represented by the music. The leading passages are fingered, and the pieces are well suited for teaching purposes.

"A Sailor's Sweetheart," song by F. Bevan, is in the true nautical style—a striking melody of marked rhythm well suited to emphatic declamation. "Biondina" is a song in a gentler style. Some pleasing sentimental lines, from the facile pen of Mr. F. E. Weatherly, have been well reflected in music by Mr. F. N. Löhr, who has produced a melody of a very flowing and genial character, suitable to most voices. From

the same publishers (Messrs. Patey and Willis) are "Gentleman Jack" and "There's a Friend for Little Children," songs of very different character, respectively by A. H. Behrend and M. Watson. The first is in a vigorous—somewhat rollicking—style, suitable to the utterings of a merry wandering tradesman. The other song is a setting of words from "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," and is appropriately solemn in character, the general effect being enhanced by an obbligato accompaniment for violin or flute, and violoncello, and organ or harmonium ad libitum.

"To the Storm-Wind" is a song, by Carl Evers, suitable for a bass voice. The text is of a descriptive kind, and the style of the music is declamatory and impassioned, the accompaniment being, appropriately, of an agitated and restless character. The song is well suited for a singer possessed of emphatic power. The same publishers (Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.) issue a pleasing song, "Come to me again," by Oliver King. The melody—in six-eight time—is of a flowing barcarolle-like character. The same firm also publishes "It was nothing but a rose I gave her," a very expressive setting, by Mary Travers, of some sentimental and suggestive lines from *Harper's Magazine*. The melody is flowing and interesting, while being quite unaffected; and will prove effective with the aid of a sympathetic voice.

"A Winsome Lassie," song by P. Montrose, is not, as might be inferred, in the Scottish style. It has a pretty melody, of the English ballad kind, which lends itself readily to a voice of any calibre. Messrs. Aschenberg and Co. are the publishers, as also of a vocal nocturne by L. Denza, a pleasing piece for a single voice, in the graceful Italian style. The same publishers have issued "Le Duo," for violin and pianoforte, by J. C. Beazley. It claims only to be a sketch, and therefore is slight in structure; but it is well written for both instruments, and, being easy of execution, will be welcome to amateurs. Similar praise may be awarded to a "Nocturne" for a violin, with pianoforte accompaniment by E. Polonaski, from the same publishers.

"Six Characteristic Pieces for the Pianoforte," by E. Woycke (published by Mr. C. Jeffreys), have each a distinctive title, which has suggested some very varied treatment; some being expressive and sentimental, others light and fanciful. They are interesting in themselves, and will serve well for teaching purposes.

"John Frazer" and "The Two Margarets" are ballads, the words by John Stuart Blackie, the music by Dr. Mackenzie. In both respects each is of a pronounced Scottish character. Mr. Mackenzie has imparted to his music a genuine flavour thereof, without exaggerating those peculiarities which, if carried to excess, are not agreeable to all ears. The ballads are published by Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

A spurious and degraded offshoot of the Greek mythology, combined with the famous "tale of Troy divine," was exhibited in the fable that Paris, son of King Priam, had offended two out of three Olympian Goddesses by declaring the third to be the most beautiful, and giving her the apple decreed for the prize in their competition of female charms. It is likely enough that Venus, whom Homer calls Aphrodite in the Greek, would be especially ambitious of this supreme distinction, for it was quite in her peculiar line of business; and she would not scruple to bribe the imprudent young umpire with the promise to give him the fairest of women, the Spartan Helen, employing her son Cupid to disturb the conjugal happiness of King Menelaus. But we decline to believe, whatever the classical poets say, that the stately Juno, proud Hera with the eyes of an ox, the austere Queen of the Olympian Court, who was never addicted to flirting, and Pallas or Minerva, the intellectual patroness of strong-minded persons of both sexes, who never had a mother and never owned a lover, would condescend to stand with Venus before a foolish mortal man, as candidates for this vain title of superficial attractions. Three ladies of the present day, one of them apparently too young for admission to the claims of adult womanhood, are represented by the Artist in the situation of awaiting a similar judgment, to be denoted in like manner by the award of an apple, which the prettiest—the one who is really beautiful—will receive at the hand of a young gentleman supposed to be an impartial judge. His office is not to be envied, if he is obliged to make two enemies by such an invidious decision, and to incur the danger in future of doubly learning "furens quid femina possit," when both the defeated aspirants to this honour, as each gets the chance, may avenge the "spreta injuria forma" by doing him an ill turn. Paris, indeed, was fool enough to undertake the fatal task of arbitration!

The *Theatre Annual*, edited by Clement Scott, is a right pleasant medley of stories, reminiscences, and verses, by authors and authoresses of note, connected more or less with the stage. Not only are the pieces interesting in themselves, they are so diversified, "from grave to gay," as to make a perpetual feast, with no chance of the reader being cloyed. There is a prose-poem by the editor, entitled "A Christmas Reverie," worthy the author of "Poppyland"; and a still more charming poem, of varied melody, called "The Discontented Fairy—a Legend for the Children." The annual contains specially-engraved portraits of Mrs. Stirling, as Martha in "Faust"; of Miss Marion Hood; of Mr. Edward Terry, in "The Churchwarden"; and of Mr. Beerbohm-Tree.

AN EX-CONSUL'S STORY.

(From the *Brooklyn Eagle*.)

A late United States Consul at one of the English ports, who is now a private resident of New York, relates the following interesting story:—

"On my last voyage home from England, some three years ago, in one of the Cunard steamers, I noticed one morning, after a few days out of port, a young man hobbling about on the upper deck, supported by crutches, and seeming to move with extreme difficulty and no little pain. He was well dressed, and of exceedingly handsome countenance, but his limbs were somewhat emaciated, and his face very sallow, and bore the traces of long suffering. As he seemed to have no attendant or companion, he at once attracted my sympathies, and I went up to him as he leaned against the taffrail looking out on the foaming track which the steamer was making. 'Excuse me, my young friend,' I said, touching him gently on the shoulder, 'you appear to be an invalid, and hardly able or strong enough to trust yourself unattended on an ocean voyage; but if you require any assistance I am a robust and healthy man, and shall be glad to help you.' 'You are very kind,' he replied, in a weak voice, 'but I require no present aid beyond my crutches, which enable me to pass from my state-room up here to get the benefit of the sunshine and the sea breeze.' 'You have been a great sufferer, no doubt,' I said, 'and I judge that you have been afflicted with that troublesome disease rheumatism, whose prevalence and intensity seem to be on an alarming increase both in England and America.' 'You are right,' he answered; 'I have been its victim for more than a year, and after failing to find relief from medical skill, have lately tried the springs of Carlsbad and Vichy; but they have done me no good, and I am now on my return home to Missouri to die, I suppose. I shall be content if life is spared me to reach my mother's presence. She is a widow, and I am her only child.' There was a pathos in this speech which affected me profoundly, and awakened in me a deeper sympathy than I had felt before. I had no words to answer him, and stood silently beside him watching the snowy wake of the ship. While thus standing, my thoughts reverted to a child—a ten-year old boy—of a neighbour of mine, residing near my consulate residence, who had been cured of a stubborn case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and I remembered that the steward of the ship had told me the day before that he had cured himself of a very severe attack of the gout, in New York, just before his last voyage, by the use of

the same remedy. I at once left my young friend and went below to find the steward. I not only found him off duty, but discovered that he had a bottle of the Oil in his locker, which he had carried across the ocean in case of another attack. He readily parted with it on my representation, and, hurrying up again, I soon persuaded the young man to allow me to take him to his berth and apply the remedy. After doing so, I covered him up snugly in bed, and requested him not to get up until I should see him again. That evening I returned to his state-room, and found him sleeping peacefully and breathing gently. I roused him, and inquired how he felt. 'Like a new man,' he answered, with a grateful smile. 'I feel no pain, and am able to stretch my limbs without difficulty; I think I'll get up.' 'No, don't get up to-night,' I said, 'but let me rub you again with the Oil, and in the morning you will be much better able to go above.' 'All right,' he said, laughing. I then applied the Oil, again rubbing his knees, ankles, and arms thoroughly, until he said he felt as if he had a mustard poultice all over his body. I then left him. The next morning when I went up on deck for a breezy promenade, according to my custom, I found my patient waiting for me with a smiling face, and without his crutches, although he limped in his movements, but without pain. I don't think I ever felt so happy in my life. To make a long story short, I attended him closely during the rest of our voyage—some four days—applying the Oil every night, and guarding him against too much exposure to the fresh and damp spring breezes; and on landing at New York he was able, without assistance, to mount the hotel omnibus and go on to the Astor House. I called on him two days later, and found him actually engaged in packing his trunk, preparatory to starting West, for his home, that evening. With a bright and grateful smile he welcomed me, and pointing to a little box carefully done up in thick brown paper, which stood upon the table, he said: 'My good friend, can you guess what that is?' 'A present for your sweetheart,' I answered. 'No,' he laughed, 'that is a dozen bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, which I have just purchased from Hudnut, the druggist across the way, and I am taking them home to show my good mother what has saved her son's life and restored him to her in health. And with it, I would like to carry you along also, to show her the face of him, without whom I should probably never have tried it. If you should ever visit the little village of Sedalia, in Missouri, Charlie Townsend and his mother will welcome you to their little home with hearts full of gratitude, and they will show you a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, enshrined in a silver and gold casket, which we shall keep as a parlour ornament as well as a memento of our meeting on the Cunard steamer.' We parted after an hour's pleasant chat with mutual goodwill and esteem, and a few weeks afterwards I received a letter from him telling me he was in perfect health, and containing many grateful expressions of his affectionate regards."

CHERRY BLOSSOM

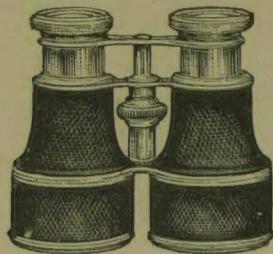
PERFUME
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&
SOAP



NUN Nicer

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THE NEW YEAR: A HOMILY.

It were well if every man preached to himself a homily on New-Year's Day; if he took stock, as it were, of his moral and mental, as he does, if a prudent man, of his financial, position, now, at this solemn time, when to the wrecks that strew the shore of the past another has been added, and a freshly-trimmed ship, gay with new tackle, sails out into the unknown seas of the future. Cynics may make light of it; may remind us that every day is the beginning of another year, and treat us to the truism that all days are alike; but we remain convinced that it is not so—that tradition and association have invested with a special and almost pathetic interest the New-Year's Day of the calendar. Nature herself, in our northern latitudes, seems to mark it out as a kind of turning-point in her unceasing activity—to distinguish it as a boundary between two periods of obviously distinct character. The days now show a beneficent disposition to lengthen; we have left that dreary "shortest day" behind us; already the sun rises a minute or two earlier and sets a minute or two later; already the long stretch of nocturnal darkness is diminishing. Then, again, in this month of January, the season of growth opens upon us. Every step of the Old Year fell latterly among dead leaves and signs of decay; every step of the New Year will lie among happy indications of increasing vigour. Though for some time yet Nature will look but coldly upon us, though she will fill up her record of days and nights of storm and snow and rain and frost before the swallow will come from the South with her glad tidings of the great joy of Summer, before the violet will unfold its scented petals beneath the sheltering hedge, before the pale primrose will fill with its meek beauty the depths of the woodland, and the songs of the birds break into a thousand lingering cadences on the charmed air—still, upon New-Year's Day, we have the consciousness that all these things are before us, and almost within reach. We are like travellers who, having long been descending a desert slope, are now climbing a green acclivity to the tableland which, they know, will glow with May sunshine, and be rich in foliage and flowers. The leaf-buds on the bough, though they will not open yet a while, we take as assurances of the good time coming. The golden-crested wren, twittering among the green holly-bushes; the blue tit, hunting for insects on each decaying branch; the blackbird, with golden bill, pecking at worms on the uneven lawn; the warm-breasted robin on the hawthorn spray, pouring out his lively little song—these are all welcome signs of that resurrection of Nature which is in itself a sign and symbol of the resurrection of humanity. Therefore, let us take the New Year as we find it, and make this first day of January an occasion for repeating some of those old truths of which we can never be too frequently reminded; which, while we linger for a moment on the threshold of another year, will appeal to us, perhaps, with the greater force.

Speaking generally, we may say, I suppose, that the New Year is to the young a time of hope; to the old, a time of memory. To the young the years are so many caskets of jewels and precious stones, which they are eager to handle and take possession of; to the old, they are the beads of Time's rosary, which drop from our fingers even while we count them. Or they are the milestones on the road of life, which force upon us the knowledge of how much of our journey is accomplished, and how rapidly it is nearing its goal. But surely we may find a pleasure in recalling the different aspects of the landscape through which we have been travelling? If one milestone has stood in a leafless plain, with the blankness of silence and solitude all around, another has been in a place of flowers, where the golden sunshine played upon it, and made it fair to look at. If one was planted beside a grave, another has risen on the border of a green meadow, where the children gambolled and were happy. If this one reminds us of a great sorrow, so that in the distance it takes the likeness of a cross, and seems to commemorate a Calvary, or at least a Gethsemane, with its vision of tears and hopeless prayers, another recalls to us a great happiness, and through the mists of the past starts up to heaven, like Jacob's dream-ladder, with angels ascending and descending upon it. Yet another may have been to us as an altar, at which we have offered up our sacrifice, and then gone on our way rejoicing. The longer I live, the more deeply am I convinced that of all philosophies that of the pessimist is the falsest and most foolish. The joyousness of life more than counterbalances its touches of grey gloom and jaundiced melancholy. You will remember what Carlyle says of Dante's "Francesca"—that it is a thing woven of rainbows on a ground of eternal black. I do not think that life is a ground of eternal black; but I am sure that it is thickly woven over with things of rainbow beauty, and that every man who honestly reckons up his past will admit, that its credit side of enjoyment completely sets at nought its debit side of trials and troubles. These are numerous enough, God knows!—but, then, so many of them are of our own making! We are never satisfied. Like the children of Israel, we find fault even with the manna which comes down to us from heaven. We involve ourselves in follies and errors in order that we may gravely complain of the frowns of Destiny. Otherwise the debit page in our life's ledger would have fewer entries still. Then, again, much of our misfortune originates in our ignorance of the limit of our capabilities. It is the veriest commonplace to say that we attempt what we are unable to accomplish; that we seek to make bricks without straw. Jauregui, the Spanish painter, persuaded himself that his true vocation was that of a dramatist. But when his comedy was hissed at Madrid, one in the audience cried out, "If you want us to applaud your plays, Jauregui, you must paint them!" There would be fewer failures in life if there were not so many Jaureguis!

That is a fine passage in Napier's prose-epic, his "History of the Peninsular War," in which he relates a remarkable incident at the Battle of Talavera: how that, in the fury of the fight, the soldiers on both sides suddenly ceased firing, threw down their arms, and hastening to the banks of a stream that crossed the battle-field, rested, and were refreshed. A New-Year's Day I take to be just such a truce in the fierce warfare of life—a breathing time—a brief interval of repose. Let us utilise it, friend, by counting our trophies rather than our wounds; by rejoicing over what we have won, rather than sighing over what we have lost. But, in very truth, the struggle is one in which no man can be defeated so long as he is true to himself, and to the cause for which he plies his sword and spear. An old writer tells us that the device of Hernando Cortes' ensign or "aunciente," was "flames of fire in white and blue, with a red cross in the midst, and bordered round with letters, in the Latin and Spanish tongues, which signified this in effect:—Friends, let us follow the Cross, and in lively faith we, with this standard, shall obtain victory." To the young combatant, before he again enters the battle, we cannot do better than recommend the device and motto of the Conqueror of Mexico.

Lassus somewhere says that it is experience which softens the heart, elevates the soul, and enables us to draw a just moral from the tale of life; but, for my part, I should place patience far above experience. It is said of William Pitt that

when, in a conversation held in his presence on the quality most essential to a Prime Minister, one speaker had said it was eloquence, and a second had suggested knowledge, and a third industry, he replied, after some consideration, that, in his opinion, it was patience. It is not less essential, believe me, for the ordinary man who deals only with the ordinary affairs of life. For there is not a trouble in the world which patience cannot wear out; not a sorrow which it will not soften. To the abstrusest problems it applies a magic key; over apparently insuperable obstacles it quietly triumphs. Its action is silent, but it is irresistible, like the sunshine. It teaches us, instead of being in a hurry to knock our heads against the evil day or the evil thing, to await its approach with calmness, and peradventure it will pass us by. When we find that the gods whom we have worshipped are but false gods, the friends we have trusted unworthy of our trust, we must still be patient. For all our disappointments, all our disenchantments, all our defeats and disasters, there is ample compensation if we preserve our fortitude and self-control. There is always a bird's song in the air, if we will but listen; always bud or blossom on the spray, if we will but look for it. God deals out His chastisements one by one; His benedictions He pours down upon us without stint. Let the hour, then, carry away with it its difficulty or its grief: be patient, and you will soon see the silver lining to the cloud.

A beautiful Spanish legend tells us that, during the night of the Nativity, there was no darkness in Spain; a glorious luminous cloud, bright as the sun, shone over the exultant land. It is thus that our life should be lighted up with the lustre of a patient and contented spirit. Let us, therefore, call to mind on this New-Year's Day what we shall have for consolation and encouragement in the worries and wearinesses that the months will not fail to bring us. We shall have by day the glow of the sunshine; by night, what Henry More calls "those pure sparkling lights of the stars." We shall have "the sweet breathings of the open air," and the freshness of green woods, the music of murmuring streams, and the bloom and balm of flowers. We shall have the cool shadow of the ferny hollows, the breezy summits of sea-washed cliffs, the silent mysterious mountain peaks, the roll of waters on the resounding shore. We shall have the wise talk and genial sympathy of our friends. We shall have the love and the peace that consecrate the domestic hearth. We shall have the sound of music and the light and colour of art. We shall have those best and truest of consolers and companions—our books: the profound thought and anxious speculation of "Hamlet," the gorgeous allegorical pictures of the "Faery Queen," the austere majesty of the "Divina Commedia," the intellectual analysis of Wordsworth's "Prelude," the devotional fervour of the "Imitatio Christi." We shall have all that a deep interest in the progress of humanity implies and involves, all that can be derived from an intimate communion with the soul of Nature. Surely such felicities as these will heavily weigh down the balance against the small aggregate of our unhappinesses? And thus, the sum of the whole matter is, that we should look at life with cheerful eyes, and temper with grateful and contented thoughts even the grave and serious retrospect of a New-Year's Day.

Not the less will it be wise for you to preach to yourself that homily of which I have already spoken. And if you want a text for it, let me give you the old fable of Friar Bacon's Brazen Head. You are, of course, familiar with it. How the great magician, by dint of infinite craft and labour, constructed a Brazen Head, and endowed it with the faculty of speech. Wonderful utterances were expected from this weird invention, and Bacon straitly charged his attendant to call him the moment it should speak. "After some noyse the Head spake these two words, 'Time is.' Miles, hearing it to speak no more, thought his master would be angry if he waked him for that, and began to mock the Head in this manner: 'Thou brazen-faced head, hath my master tooke all these pains about thee, and now dost thou requite him with two words, 'Time is'?' If thou canst speak no wiser, he shall sleepe till doomesday for me.' After half an hour had passed, the Head did speake againe, two words, which were these, 'Time was.' Miles respected these words as little as he did the former, and talked and sung till another half-hour was gone; then the Brazen Head spake again these words, 'Time is past,' and therewith fell down, and presently followed a terrible noyse, with strange flashes of fire." And the magician, summoned when too late, found his creation a wreck upon the ground. Ah! friend, you see what the preacher aims at? You and I, in our days of ambitious hopes and fond desires, how many a brazen head have we constructed, and what great prophecies and oracles of success have we not expected from them! But whether through the supineness of ourselves or others, or adverse circumstances, they have fallen with a sudden crash, and told us no more than Friar Bacon's told the world long ago—what every New-Year's Day proclaims with significant emphasis—that tritest yet saddest of truths, "Time is; time was; time is past." Ah, that is the pity of it, when the voice speaks for the third time, and the solemn words thrill to our very soul—"Time is past!" The opportunity, by high thoughts and generous feelings, to ennoble and exalt our lives; the opportunity to do a good deed, and speak a wise, true word; the opportunity to bind the bleeding wound of some stricken soldier who has fallen in life's red battle; the opportunity to help the weary pilgrim up the steep hill that exhausts his failing strength. Alas for us, if we have suffered the angel to pass by on rapid wing, and have not stayed him while he was in the way—if we have left undone what we ought to have done, and the brazen head has sounded its third and final warning: TIME IS PAST!

W. H. D.-A.

The State Apartments at Windsor Castle are open to the public on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, between the hours of eleven and three, under the usual regulations.

The Goldsmiths' Company has granted £250 to the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, in response to Mr. Goschen's appeal.

Mr. Joseph Jackson Howard, of Blackheath, has been appointed Maltravers Herald of Arms Extraordinary. Dr. Howard has for many years devoted much attention to genealogical and historical researches, and has edited many works for the Harleian and other societies.

The annual volume of the *Portfolio* is particularly interesting this year. The etchings, from works of many old and modern masters, are numerous and excellent. Many will remember, on the walls of the Academy, the picture by Mr. J. Pettie, R.A., entitled "Dost know this water-fly?" This, etched by Mr. G. W. Rhead, forms the frontispiece. A graceful tribute to a great French artist is the article on Auguste Rodin, the sculptor, by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse. Mr. F. G. Stephens contributes an appreciative paper on the work of our great English master, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.; and one on another great painter, William Mulready, R.A. The "Letters from the English Lakes," by the late Mr. W. Hull, with the delicate pen-and-ink sketches, add to the attractions of this volume. As a whole, the *Portfolio* is a beautiful art gift-book, very welcome at this Christmas season.

A TROPICAL CURIOSITY.

THE "SARAWAK GAZETTE."

Anyone who can spare time from watching the disorder in the body politic at home, in England, would do well to refresh his mind with the *Sarawak Gazette*. It is a little newspaper, devoted to the affairs of that British settlement on the coast of Borneo. Rightly considered, it is a wonderful publication, on the confines of barbarism—a very nice-looking little paper, pleasant to handle and to read; the type is good, there are no more errors of printing than in the best London journals, the paper is excellent, there are sixteen folio pages, and it is sold for ten cents. In that tropical settlement the *Sarawak Gazette* is the only newspaper, and is, of course, "the organ of Government," which is an absolute Monarchy, governed, now, by the Rajah, Charles Brooke, nephew of the founder of the little settlement, the late Sir James Brooke. In the *Gazette* for Oct. 1 a characteristic proclamation appears on the first page. It runs thus: "Know ye, all men whom it may concern, that I, Charles Brooke, leave as my trusted representative in Sarawak, and as President of the Committee of Administration, Francis Maxwell, Esq., until I return to this country, which it is my intention to do in the end of April, 1888. During this time I beg that all residing in the Sarawak Territory will pay due respect and obedience to this officer, who will take charge from the 15th Sept., 1887.—Given under my hand and seal this Ninth day of September, 1887. C. Brooke, Rajah." The Rajah left Sarawak for England in October, seeking rest and renovation of health after years of real active work as a Governor; ruling with diligence and wise benevolence over a semi-barbarous community, which is being gradually civilised. The little country is divided into eight districts, for the purposes of administration, each presided over by a European Resident. These Residents and the Native Residents of the districts, together with the leading European and Chinese merchants, compose a council of fifty, whom the Rajah consults for internal affairs. He has also a council of six, composed of two Europeans and four of the principal natives. These are nominated by the Rajah, and may be considered as his Cabinet Ministers.

When Charles Brooke was over here last, four or five years ago, he gave an interesting account of his little kingdom, which has not greatly changed since, except generally for the better. Population has increased, and so have trade and commerce. Our readers may like to be reminded that Sarawak lies on the north-west coast of the largest island in the world. Small as it is, its coast-line is 330 miles in length, about as long as from the Thames to the Tweed; and the Rajah's authority extends inland to regions where once the Dyak head-hunters conducted their periodical forays. A vast district is now reclaimed from the jungle, and the wild beasts are got rid of, giving place to peaceful settlers, either native or immigrants from neighbouring parts of Polynesia. Under his rule piracy and slavery have been suppressed. One object of the Rajah's visit to England is to lay before the Government certain changes which he meditates in his kingdom. The chief of these is the annexation of Brunei and Limbang, adjacent barbarous districts.

This he is moved to desire, the *Gazette* says, because the inhabitants of these adjacent States seem anxious to share the benefits of the Sarawak people. The writer says, after speaking of the corrupt rule of Brunei, "It is not to be wondered at if the down-trodden people, harassed and plundered by those whose duty it is to protect them, rise in despair against their oppressors and appeal to the Sarawak Government for protection."

The editor of the *Gazette* praises Lord Brassey's paper in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*. During his visit to Sarawak, Lord Brassey was able to judge for himself of the condition of the young colony under benevolent and wise autocrats, and he could also judge what a falling off there would be if the hereditary monarchs in the future turn out neither good nor wise. Such an incident might necessitate the interference of some foreign Power in the affairs of Sarawak. He represented that, if such interference should ever be called for, it should come from England, and not from any other Power; and he suggests that some understanding should be come to by his Highness the Rajah with Ministers at home, which would bring Sarawak more definitely under the protection of Great Britain. Such protection (without interference with his internal rule) is what the Rajah hopes to secure.

There is a paragraph about "the late visit of her Highness the Ranee" (Mrs. Brooke) and her three sons, who are being educated in England, to Sarawak. They went about the country, and were seen and known in friendly intercourse by all the people, and produced a very favourable impression. The Ranee gave away prizes at schools and at shooting competitions, and the boys (especially the eldest, who is called Rajah Mudah) took part in these festivities, and seem to have enjoyed their visit to their father's kingdom very much. They are now coming with their parents to England. The word *Mudah*, we infer, means "eldest" or, perhaps, "the heir" in the Dyak language. The boy is about thirteen, and is a very promising boy, named Vyner. The editor of the *Sarawak Gazette* evidently hopes for and trusts in the permanence of the Brooke dynasty in Borneo. All those who know the work of its founder, which was begun and carried on through great difficulties about forty-five years ago, and who will read the evidence of its present success, as shown in the columns of this little newspaper, will rejoice that it should go on and prosper to the third and fourth generation of Brooke Rajahs, and as many more as will be good for Sarawak and them.

Immediately after the leading article, from which we have gathered the above information, comes an account of a grand marriage between two young persons of high native position—both grandchildren of the Datu Bandar of Kuchung—the native name of the chief district of Sarawak. The ceremonies and feasting lasted seven days, and were solemn, curious, and in strict conformity to the ancient rites of this mixed people. The Ranee and Mrs. Maxwell were present at the "washing of the bride," which has nothing to do with a bath. The blessing of the priest was in Arabic, responded to with loud "Amens!" by a large concourse of people within and around the house. "A large number of guests were present on the various occasions, including most of the Europeans in Kuchung and a considerable number of Chinese merchants." After the account of this marriage, comes a list of objects presented to the Sarawak Museum.

Then we have several columns headed "Our Notes," in which the readers are told of the Rajah's visiting several Government stations to inspect the condition of the various agricultural enterprises begun there. Of one, the Matang estate, we are told, it "looked well. Liberian coffee, tea, and cinchona thriving in a manner that should encourage others to plant on that splendid mountain. English vegetables grow at an altitude of 1800 feet, and the roses round the Rajah's bungalow compare favourably, in perfume, with those of England, whilst in point of quantity it would be difficult to surpass them anywhere, each bush being completely covered with bloom."



A STREET PERFORMANCE IN MOROCCO.

DRAWN BY MR. R. CATON WOODVILLE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST LATE WITH THE BRITISH MISSION TO THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

NEW BOOKS.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS.

Life of Samuel Morley. By Edwin Hodder (Hodder and Stoughton).—The death, a little more than a twelvemonth ago, of this estimable and influential citizen of London, who was, during twenty years, a prominent member of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, occasioned general regret; while, beside his services to the country as a sound and active politician, those which he rendered to many good works of social improvement, religion, and benevolence, were specially remembered. Mr. Edwin Hodder, the biographer of Lord Shaftesbury, has, in this timely volume, performed a task of kindred nature with equal skill and judgment. It is characteristic of English society, at least in the combined voluntary efforts by which objects of Christian charity and humanity are promoted, that tradesmen as well as noblemen sometimes attain a degree of eminence higher than any conventional rank, by labouring and spending for the welfare of the poorer classes. Mr. Samuel Morley, it is known, might have been a Peer if he had chosen to accept that honour; but he had already earned, long before it was offered, June, 1885, a position not to be much exalted by admission to the House of Lords. Few distinguished men of this or any former generation have led such an evenly consistent life of regularly continued practical endeavours to act on the principles that seemed most commendable to their minds from the beginning of their career. In the present age, we must confess, examples of this steadfastness to the views of right and truth deliberately adopted in early manhood are becoming rare; but it is natural to seek for them in the sturdy stock of Nonconformists, especially those of the old "Independent" denomination, now styled "Congregationalist," in which Samuel Morley was reared. He was born in 1809, at Homerton, the youngest child of John Morley, a native of Nottingham, who had established in Wood-street, Cheapside, the business in the stocking trade from which grew up one of the greatest mercantile and manufacturing concerns in England. The father, an excellent man, was surrounded by those religious and political influences which the son had no hesitation in accepting; he was a member of the church to which the learned Dr. Pye Smith, of Homerton College, was pastor, and among his visitors was the Rev. James Parsons, of York, whom many elderly persons of Dissenter families can remember. Samuel Morley went to a private school at Melbourne, in Cambridgeshire, under an Independent minister named Carver, and to another similar establishment at Southampton; but, at the age of sixteen, entered his father's counting-house, in which his two brothers were employed. His youth was passed in steady industry, relieved by a holiday ramble in Scotland or similar recreations; but he came to know the Rev. Thomas Binney, of the Weigh-house, City, a man whose genial, frank, engaging, and commanding spirit had a remarkable effect on his generation. The mental and moral inspiration of Samuel Morley was thus determined by his twenty-fifth year. He was soon fully occupied, between the rapidly-extending business of the firm, left in 1840 to the management of himself and his brother John, the care of philanthropic and educational institutions, and the political struggle for the rights of Nonconformists. In those days, a man could lie in prison many months for a conscientious refusal to pay Church-rate. Samuel Morley, in May, 1841, married a daughter of Mr. Hope, banker, of Liverpool, and they settled at Clapton, but removed in 1854 to Stamford-hill. His public, social, and political career, from about 1843, became of increasing importance. It differs, in one respect, from that of many other leading men in the City of London; he was never a member of the City Corporation, and he seems to have always been adverse to official dignities of any kind, declining even the modest "deaconship" of a Congregational "church." As a member of managing committees, boards of directors or trustees, as treasurer of a fund, or chairman of a meeting, he was ever ready to make himself useful; and he was a diligent member of Parliament from 1865, with some interruption by electoral defeats, representing successively Nottingham and Bristol. Certain aspects of the domestic history of England during the past forty-five years may be profitably studied in this biography. The origin of the Anti-State-Church Association, which is recorded also in the "Life of Mr. Edward Miall," and which survives in the "Liberation Society"; the Nonconformist weekly newspaper, and the opposition to projects of State aid to popular education on lines unduly favourable to the Established Church; the Administrative Reform agitation, provoked in 1855 by the disasters to our Army in the Crimea; the co-operation of Mr. Morley with the Anti-Corn Law movement, the temperance movement, and the peace movement—which last, unhappily, did not continue to move on so well as might be wished—these matters seemed of considerable importance in their time. He was, meanwhile, in his own business, setting a good example of commercial integrity, of kind and wise care for the welfare of those whom he employed, as well as of sagacity and enterprise, being a manufacturer in Nottinghamshire and a merchant in London, both on a very large scale. His recreations were at home with his children; he read books, loved music, liked fun, and could drive his phaeton; but he cared for none of the ordinary amusements, and seldom travelled for pleasure. To those who take an interest in the ministry of the Congregationalist Dissenters, this memoir presents many instances of his zeal and liberality, particularly in the assistance he gave to their colleges, and to the erection of chapels and relief of chapel debts, in different parts of England and Wales. Home missionary agencies, popular religious services, Young Men's Christian Associations, the improvement of dwellings of the working classes, and other good works, received substantial furtherance from Mr. Morley; and he was long a valued member of the London School Board. In his Parliamentary character, as a supporter of Mr. Gladstone, he bore a fair part of the contest for Liberal principles up to the period of his retirement, and lent a support of considerable weight to the party with which he agreed. This volume describes a public and private life that is worthy of respectful remembrance.

Memoirs of Count Horace De Viel Castel, 1851 to 1864. Translated and Edited by Charles Bousfield. Two vols. (Remington and Co.).—The writer of this diary of scandals and censures, the spirit of which can scarcely be admired, but in which there is probably much disagreeable truth contributing to the history of the French Empire under Napoleon III, had small literary pretensions. But the two volumes contain a vast store of anecdotes, daily rumours, and bits of malicious gossip, which would stain the splendour of the golden legend of Imperialism, if anybody still remained, either in France or in England, disposed to believe in it as a régime of true magnificence. Beginning, in January, 1851, with the "Prince-President" and the majority of the National Assembly constantly thwarting and intriguing against each other, Louis Napoleon being resolved, by fair means or foul, to get a prolongation of his term of official rule, the events preceding the *coup d'état* of Dec. 2, in that year, are noted from day to day; and M. De Viel Castel, hating Republicanism, has no objection to the violent and treacherous usurpation of absolute power. But he is bitterly hostile to several of Louis Napoleon's

intimate counsellors, especially to Persigny, and speaks with contempt of nearly everyone about the new Government, De Morny and Maupas, Fould, Baroche, Walewski, and other Ministers of the subsequent Empire; also of Prince Napoleon (Jérôme) and all the Buonapartes, except Princess Mathilde (Princess Demidoff), with whom he was on terms of intimate friendship. We do not care to quote his remarks on these persons, and are not prepared to affirm, or to deny, that these remarks were in some measure deserved. English observers who were in a position to learn what was going on at that period will admit that, previously to the alliance with the French Empire for the Crimean War, public opinion here was extremely unfavourable to all connected with "Louis Napoleon," as he was then still called by most of our countrymen. But M. De Viel Castel, though an hereditary friend of the Napoleonic traditions, and never hostile to Louis Napoleon personally, is unsparing, and even virulent, in his exposure of the vices of the agents and supporters of the restored Monarchy, and of the abuses and blunders which it allowed to be perpetrated. No more disgraceful and shocking picture of the state of French society, of its private life as well as of public actions and their reputed motives, has appeared in print; and the "Châtiments" of Victor Hugo would hardly appear too severe for the authors of a dispensation of shameless profligacy. The politicians of that era, according to M. De Viel Castel, were unscrupulous gamesters, intriguers, and jobbers; the men of letters and artists, some of whom had great talent, are taxed with foolish vanity and false pretension; and the ladies of fashion are described in a way that it would be unseemly to repeat. A book more full of personal detraction and disparagement has seldom been published in our times; and there has been nothing like it, with regard to people in our own country, since the days of George II., or even Charles II., when some things in England were as bad as they could be. The journal ends soon after the dismissal, in July, 1863, of the Persigny and Walewski Ministry, replaced by that of M. Baroche. The Emperor was then endeavouring to get out of his Mexican difficulty, but was about to be involved, by the military aggrandisement of Prussia, in other foreign complications of more perilous nature. Little fresh light, however, is cast by these memoirs on the general affairs of Europe; and their unpleasant revelations of the domestic corruption of the French Empire may be put aside without much loss, trusting that no such orgies of manifold baseness, in high places of Court and State, will ever again be witnessed in France. Immorality, we are told, is not extinct under the Republic; but the Second Empire was born of it, lived on it, and died of it. Yet the French nation survives, and is capable, like other nations, of a better life in the future.

NOVELS.

The Nun's Curse. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. Three vols. (Ward and Downey).—Among the successful lady novelists of the present day, Mrs. Riddell is one who shows quite as much knowledge of the ordinary habits of men, especially middle-class men of business and professional men, as of women, or of the ornamental aristocracy of the male sex, reputed by some other writers of fiction to be engaged merely in fox-hunting and flirting. Her stories are more frequently occupied with the labours and troubles of earning an income, or defending property by legal means, than with the extraordinary accidents by which heroes of modern romance suddenly come into enormous fortunes, or by which millionaires are reduced to beggary. Much common sense, and much knowledge of the rude realities of the world in which most people live, with a very correct appreciation of the masculine temperament, which she does not seem to idolise, are the characteristics of this and other novels that she has written. "The Nun's Curse," in spite of the rather melodramatic air of its title, is a story that keeps as close to the natural and probable course of social affairs at the present day—at least in Ireland—as any work of Anthony Trollope's. It is only in the superstitious belief of the Donegal peasantry that a persecuted nun, three centuries ago, is imagined to have laid a perpetual curse on the inheritance of the Calgarry estate by the Conway family. On the death of old Marmaduke Conway, the wickedest of cruel Irish landlords, whose malignity, going beyond his avarice, had expelled his tenants, and converted a large tract of country into a desolate waste, the heir-at-law is his nephew, Terence Conway; but the uncle has bequeathed all his money to Captain Marmaduke Conway, another nephew. So the new proprietor of Calgarry feels at once that his possession of such an extremely unprofitable estate, without funds to improve it, will prove the reverse of a blessing; and he is the more embarrassed with it as he has borrowed and wasted a large amount on the security, not of his expected inheritance, but of heavy life assurances, and can raise no money on the estate. It is this situation, with the weakness and carelessness of his own character, that makes the actual "Curse" on Terence Conway's succession to Calgarry; and not the antiquated malediction ascribed to the legendary "Nun." He is in love with his cousin, Philippa Dutton, who is immensely rich; but she—calm, austere, and unimpassioned—neither accepting nor rejecting his ardent suit, bids him wait and put off the question to next summer, while she persuades him not to sell the estate, as other friends have advised him to do, but to exert himself there for the benefit of the distressed peasantry. The personages of minor importance—Sir Henry Beecham, a retired lounging officer, who is Philippa's guardian; her spirited Aunt Letitia, Mrs. Barry; Mark Barry, the clever, irascible, boisterous Irish barrister in London; Mr. Stirling, the shrewd and upright Scotch land steward; Messrs. Bray and Lucas, the old-fashioned Dublin family lawyers; and Mr. Reynolds, the sharp London solicitor, working with Mark Barry to fight off a rapacious Jewish creditor—are portrayed to the very life. The shifts and tricks of a not over-scrupulous diplomacy, seeking to avert or disarm litigation, which would be the signal for a host of claims ruinous to the perplexed landowner, are described with much truth and humour. Mr. Terence Conway himself, though amiable and well-meaning at the commencement, behaves like a fool. He knows little of business, and is too idle to attend to his own affairs. His marriage with Philippa is arranged, with the provision that all her money is to be settled on her for separate use, so that it will not serve to put the Calgarry estate in order. But the severe independence of her character, and her resolute strength of will, begin to have a repellent effect upon a man painfully conscious of his own insignificance. Strolling along the Donegal coast, in this disheartened mood, he meets a rustic beauty, Grace Walley, the daughter of a disreputable horse-dealer, and soon goes wrong with this girl, whose fall is delicately and tenderly related, moving the reader to just compassion. Poor Grace had an honest lover, a fine young fellow named Corrigan, whom Terence engaged as coachman, and now the guilty seducer is base enough to forward Corrigan's taking her for his wife, in utter ignorance of her shameful situation. Grace refuses, humbly confessing her fault, while her father takes advantage of it to extort money from Mr. Conway. The disgraceful exposure causes Miss Dutton to repudiate the match, and Terence, whose pride is stung by her contemptuous reproaches, marries the peasant girl, not for love or pity, or from a conscientious desire to repair the wrong he has done, but only to spite Miss Dutton.

The error, as the authoress seems to regard it, of taking such a step, Grace being manifestly incapable of learning to be a suitable wife for him, calls forth remonstrances from his old friend Mr. Malet, the parish clergyman; but Terence resents the interference, and avenges it by breaking his promise to give Mr. Malet a more valuable living. His pecuniary difficulties are presently eased, but unhappiness follows to him and to Grace attends their hasty marriage; and he is embarrassed with old Walley's insolent pertinacity, and annoyed by the drunken ruffian's unbidden visits to the house. Grace, pining away under apparent neglect, falls ill, for which her husband is blamed; and one day he is shot by an unseen enemy: Corrigan, who was near at hand, is charged with the attempt to murder, is tried convicted, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Terence Conway recovers from his dangerous wound, and for two years leaves the neighbourhood, placing his wife and child, under proper care, in another home in the south of Ireland, while he goes to Australia for change of scene. On his return, he finds things no better: Grace is dying, and she soon dies; but statements now made by her and her mother prove that the assassin who nearly killed him was old Walley, and that Pat Corrigan was entirely innocent. The motive of the crime was an idea that, by the death of Terence, the heir to the property being Walley's infant grandchild, Walley could get it managed in a way by which he hoped to gain. He contrives, in fact, to steal the child and escape to America, upon his daughter's death. A free pardon is obtained for Corrigan, but too late to save him from dying in prison. The ground being thus cleared, Terence settles again at Calgarry, marrying, this time, an amiable young lady, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Malet; but the tale ends with an intimation that renewed troubles are in store for the Conways of the next generation, when the little boy who was carried off to America, returning to find himself disinherited, becomes a rural priest and preacher of the Land League doctrine, stirring up fresh enmity to the owner of Calgarry and all other land-owning gentry. The whole story is vividly and cleverly told; Mrs. Riddell writes with admirable neatness of style, force, liveliness, and point, and her observations are often both wise and witty; she seems also to be very well acquainted with the local features of the country, and with the habits and temper of its people. The portrait of the Rev. Mr. M'Kye, a worthy Presbyterian minister, strikes us as particularly good.

TRAVELS.

Guatemala, the Land of the Quetzal. By W. T. Brigham. (T. Fisher Unwin).—The beautiful long-tailed bird, with green tail and scarlet breast, called the quetzal, is the national emblem of the Spanish-Indian Republic of Guatemala, a very careful and instructive account of which is to be found in this volume. Guatemala, within its present limits, occupies the part of Central America between the extensive territory of British Honduras to the north, on the Atlantic side, that of Mexico to the north-west, and the Republics of Honduras and San Salvador to the south-east. Some information concerning these States and those of Nicaragua and Costa Rica, is supplied by Mr. Brigham, whose main topic, however, is Guatemala, having travelled all round that country, examined its most interesting places, and studied its natural features, its people, and their history. He is an American gentleman of Boston, and his views and sentiments are characterised by sober moderation. Landing at the port of Livingston, which is a voyage from New Orleans of nine hundred miles, performed too slowly in six days, in the autumn of 1883, he visited the neighbouring Puerto Barrios, where the construction of a railway had been begun. He journeyed westward, by steam-boat up the Rio Dulce, and across the Lake of Izabal, thence riding on to Coban, a comfortable provincial town, from which he proceeded, in a leisurely manner, over a hilly and healthy country, another hundred miles or so, to the western border at Quetzaltenango, approaching the Pacific coast. This he reached at the port of San José, having seen much fine highland scenery, many curious habits of the Quiché Indians, the volcano and lake of Atitlan, the flourishing town of Quetzaltenango, where he met President Barrios, and the ruins of the old town of Antigua, destroyed by an earthquake in 1541. The author is a good amateur photographer, and his book is adorned with nearly two hundred illustrations, some of the page plates being direct reproductions from his negatives, and often of fine quality. They represent landscapes, buildings, figures, monuments of antiquity, native costumes and utensils, animals and plants. There is a railway from the Pacific port, eighty-four miles to the city of Guatemala, which is growing rapidly, with sixty thousand inhabitants, and is the largest in Central America. It is not splendid, but contains several great old Spanish churches; the monastic convents have been suppressed by Government, and their buildings are now used for public offices or schools. Leaving the capital, Mr. Brigham, with his companion "Frank," apparently his son or brother, took a devious southern route, still riding mules, and saw more volcanoes on their way, arriving at Esquipulas, where he sought an object of much interest. The magnificent Sanctuary here—a grand edifice of white stone, with a dome and four towers, elaborately ornate—was built at immense cost, in the middle of the last century, to enshrine a small black image of Christ, reputed to work miracles of healing. Mr. Brigham is very tolerant, and not hostile to the Roman Catholic Church; but he was little edified by his visit to this shrine. In the same chapter, he describes the monuments of an ancient Royal cemetery at Quirigua, belonging to the Quiché Kings, whose capital city of Gumarcah (afterwards called Utatlan) he had already passed in an earlier part of his tour. The monoliths of Quirigua, which have been cleared and protected by Mr. A. P. Maudslay, an Englishman, are very remarkable. The largest mentioned is 18 ft. high, 4 ft. 9 in. wide, and 2 ft. 9 in. thick; another, 16 ft. high, is 4 ft. wide, and 3 ft. thick. They are sculptured, on the front and back, with huge portrait-figures, and covered with symbolical or hieroglyphic devices. The next chapter is an historical and ethnological treatise on the supposed empire of "Xibalbay," founded by the perhaps mythical "Totan;" on the Nahoa or Toltecs, their conquerors the Quichés, the long dynasty, the reign of the mighty Gucumatz, the domestic misfortunes of Vucub-cauix, his sons Sipacua and Cabracan, and other romantic affairs. Those Quichés, who were subdued by the Spaniards in 1523, had certainly attained, like the Mexicans and Peruvians, a high degree of barbaric civilisation; and they must have been a powerful monarchy; but its origin and history seem very obscure. Mr. Brigham relates also the chief events of the Spanish rule, when Guatemala was the seat of the viceroyalty of Central America, the Revolution of 1823, and the fortunes of the Republic, which seems, by the able administration of President Barrios, since 1871, to be making satisfactory progress.

A lady, much interested in the condition of the poor, has given £500 to the Self-Help Emigration Society, of Fleet-lane.

The Mercers' Company has voted one hundred guineas, and the Fishmongers' Company fifty guineas, to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, in response to the appeal recently issued by the committee.